

THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1920



Reedy's

MIRROR

Missouri's Rebuke of Senator Reed
The Case for the Wild-Cat Strikers
Bryan, Cock o' the Walk
Mr. Gompers' Political Remedy
Supreme Court as a Melon Cutter
Why Hiram Johnson Runs Well
Putting the Screws on the Press

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by G.W. Ogden

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New Books Received

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TATTERDEMATION by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.90.

A collection of short stories of peace and of war time which will rank favorably with "Five Tales." Their setting is occasionally French, more often English. Some are but brief graphic presentations of a significant character; others are poignant expressions of a mood or a viewpoint; all of them are eminently readable.

IS AMERICA WORTH SAVING? by Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

A number of addresses, whose common theme is the exposition and interpretation of the fundamental principles upon which American government and American civil society are founded; having the common purpose of making them more familiar to the present generation, and to enlist the support of those who now either openly or covertly deny them. He discusses the high cost of living, labor, peace, the league of nations, progress in politics, the Republican party, higher education, etc. Nicholas Murray Butler has been sufficiently vocal of his ideas during the past few years to leave no one in doubt as to his viewpoint.

FIRST REFLECTIONS ON THE CAMPAIGN OF 1918 by R. M. Johnston. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50.

An incisive discussion of the work and organization of the United States army in France. It is constructive criticism designed to show the people of this country the fundamental weakness of our military policy and organization so that improvements may be made. The author served twelve months in France, was major, on the General Staff at Pershing's headquarters, and had access to the official and confidential records of the A. E. F.

THE HAPPY WOMAN by Maurice Weyl. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The author of "The Choice"—so loudly acclaimed last year for its general excellence—offers a second novel in real realism.

THE WORST BOYS IN TOWN by Rev. James L. Hill. Boston: Stratford Co., \$2.50.

A series of addresses delivered in various sections of the United States.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION OF RELIGION by George Willis Cooke. Boston: Stratford Co., \$3.50.

An interpretation and justification of the present social emphasis in religion, tracing religion through the tribal, feudal, national, international and universal phases of its evolution and showing how it has grown with these developments in culture and civilization. Indexed.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM JOEL STONE, late Senator from Missouri, delivered in the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States on February 2, 1919, at the third session of the sixty-fifth Congress. Prepared under the direction of the joint committee on printing. Addresses were made by Senators Spencer, Hitchcock, Saulsbury, Weeks, King, Fletcher, Myers, Hoke Smith, Bankhead, Thomas, Gore and Reed; by Representatives Champ Clark, Ferris, Alexander, Dickenson, Dyer, Voohar, Hamlin, Hensley, Rubey, Igou, Knutson, Decker and Romjue. Bound in cloth. Steel engraving portrait frontispiece. Government printing office.

HISTORY OF ZIONISM 1600-1918: Vol. II by Nahum Sokolow. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., \$7.50.

This is the second volume of an exhaustive history of Zionism in preparation, being the continuation and documentation of Vol. I. While this and the preceding volume deal particularly with the Zionist movement in England and France, there are numerous references and accounts of the progress of the movement in other countries. The author has given especial attention to a consideration of the pro-Zionist efforts outside of Jewry, and the publication of previously unknown literary and archival sources. This second volume has an introduction by M. Stephen Pichon, minister of foreign affairs for France, ninety portraits and illustrations, and an index for this and the preceding volume. Other volumes will follow.

THE STORY OF THE ENGINE by W. F. Decker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.

The natural curiosity of everyone as to how a given engine works may be satisfied in this book. The author begins with the lever, the first of the elementary mechanical movements, and then gives the history of the evolution of the steam-engine. From these first principles he proceeds to the more complicated modern engines—steam, gas, gasoline and oil, locomotive, marine, automobile and airplane. The book is written for the non-technical and is further clarified with drawings. Indexed.

LITERARY DIGEST PARENTS' LEAGUE SERIES ON CHILD TRAINING by Doctors William Byron Forbush and Louis Fischer. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 7 vols. at \$2.50 each.

The Literary Digest has organized its Parents' League to instruct parents in all the details of child management. These volumes are issued as a means to that end. The topics treated include the home education of children through play, work, stories and observation; the teaching of spelling and reading; the training of memory, the answering of questions, the encouragement of musical and dramatic talent; culture through conversation; the solving of childish problems by love, by punishment, by emulation, by will power; sex knowledge; temperance, thrift, social life, etc.; the care of health at all ages; in short every question relating to the mental, moral and physical care of children from birth to maturity. Illustrated and indexed.

THE NONPARTISAN LEAGUE by Herbert E. Gaston. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

The National Nonpartisan League dominates North Dakota. It claims a membership of 200,000 in thirteen states. The author of this book was for three years connected with the League's publications and here undertakes to tell the real story of the League, neither an exposure nor as propaganda, but as simple direct narrative illuminated by tolerant understanding.

HIS FRIEND AND HIS WIFE by Cosmo Hamilton. Boston: Little Brown & Co., \$1.75.

A high society novel based upon the theme that no unrighteous act against the established social code can be committed without making the innocent pay as dearly as the guilty. The author of "Scandal" and "Who Cares?" does not depart in the present volume from the moral standards which he has set for his readers. Illustrated.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LABOR MOVEMENT by Mary Beard. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

A brief and simple summary of the aims of the Labor Movement in the United States from the end of the eighteenth century to the present day, including the origin and growth of trade unions, the development of the American Federation of Labor, the growth of the more radical organizations, and the currents of thought and action that have developed out of the war.

WHISPERS by Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.75.

Though primarily a murder mystery this is really a delightful bit of character study, combining the speed of the detective story with the charm of careful writing.

THE LONDON VENTURE by Michael Arlen. New York: Dood Mead & Co.

An amusing view of London society as seen by a foreigner who has almost become an Englishman, an American student.

GRAY DUSK by Octavus Roy Cohen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A new detective story by the author of "The Crimson Alibi"—now in its sixth edition and also being produced on Broadway—located in the swamps of South Carolina, with the inhabitants of that region as its chief characters.

RUSSIA ANALYZED by Lincoln Eyrte.

The New York World has issued in pamphlet form the series of articles written by Mr. Eyrte, their special correspondent, in which the Russian regime of Lenin and Trotsky appears for what they have claimed it to be. It is a valuable brochure, for the authenticity of the facts of which the New York World vouches.

THE RUSSIAN REPUBLIC by Cecil L'Estrange Malone. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

Brief notes on an exhaustive examination into political, social and military conditions in Soviet Russia made in person by the author, with the view to ascertaining the possibility of European peace. His conclusions agree in the main with those of Mr. Eyrte noted above.

FOUR MYSTERY PLAYS by Rudolph Steiner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 vols., \$3.

Four plays forming one continuous series presenting the psychic development of man up to the moment when he is able to pierce the veil and see into the beyond; this vision enabling him to discover his real self and to carry into effect the scriptural injunction "know thyself." They are written in verse and otherwise do not differ largely from other plays except that their interest is mainly spiritual. The characters are those met everywhere and include an occult leader and a seeress. We are shown the spiritual development of an artist, a scientist, a philosopher, a historian, a mystic, a man of the world, and are lead to realize how the characters are connected on the spiritual as well as the physical plane. These plays are described as Christian Mystery Plays. They were performed every year in Munich under the personal direction of the author until in 1913 he and his followers decided to build their own theatre. The Munich authorities forbidding this a theatre is now under construction in Dornach, Switzerland. The titles of the plays are "The Portal of Initiation," "The Soul's Probation," "The Guardian of the Threshold" and "The Soul's Awakening." They are translated and edited with the author's permission by H. Colson, S. M. K. Gandell and R. T. Gladstone.

REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXIX. No. 18

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1920

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," REEDY'S MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to REEDY'S MIRROR, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$4.00 per year; \$2.25 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$4.50 per year; \$2.75 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$5.00 per year.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

What Was Done at San Remo

VERY few lines suffice to say what needs to be said about the announcements from San Remo concerning mandatories in Turkey and the Near East. The mandatories mean that the Powers of Europe take over those areas that have been their spheres of influence, if not actual possessions, of old. The Near East is to be controlled in the interest of the great Powers primarily. Self-determination doesn't go. Then there's Armenia. No European Power wants that. It is an ugly mess. They want to unload it on the United States. We should not and probably will not accept the mandate. The job is too far away. It involves too much danger of imperialist temptation. At San Remo the old imperialism was still on the job, save that it makes concession to President Wilson's constructions as to Fiume and the claims of the Jugo-Slavs. German Central Europe is corked up tighter than ever, and Germany proper is to be compelled to obey the treaty terms to the last letter of the exactions of the French, but Great Britain succeeded in getting into the note to Germany an intimation that later the reparation terms will be revised or reinterpreted in the light of her difficulties. Greek claims on Turkish territory have been cut down to a grant of rule and possession in Smyrna and Thrace. Palestine is to be under British protection. Turkey is fairly well stripped of possessions but she is not driven out of Europe. She retains Cilicia, and may get Erzeroum under a definition of Armenia's boundaries to be left to President Wilson. Armenia is recognized as a republic but with no mandatory. The Turks may hope to get that again in time. The Supreme Council has even authorized the economic council to negotiate with Soviet Russia as to commercial negotiations. This means a recognition of the Soviet because the Soviet has taken over all the co-operative associations in Russia in whose name the first advances for commercial interchange were made. As the work at San Remo is summarized in Tuesday afternoon's cablegrams it would seem that the premiers did their work well and quickly. It does look as if France has been brought to a realization that she cannot wreak her will on Germany regardless of the other allies. Within a month the Council will hear the German chancellor's plea for a determination and definition of the bill the Germans will have to pay, but Germany must reduce its army from 200,000 to 100,000 men, and she is told that the unity of the allies is as firm for the treaty terms as it was for the war. All in all the San Remo meeting was not as bad as it might have been or as was expected by those who hold that the treaty up to this time has been the sum of abominations.



If the *Globe-Democrat* means Hoover, why doesn't it say so? And if it means Hoover, what of Hoover's progressivism?

The Case for the Wild Cats

THE "wild cat" strike is still hanging on, dying slowly, as is the fashion of felines wild or tame, according to tradition. It may indeed prove to have more lives than one. For the refusal of the Railroad Labor Board to hear the strikers, while possibly technically right, is a blunder as great as the strike itself. We must not forget that the men who struck had cause. The government had promised consideration of their grievances. Also it promised to reduce the cost of living. Neither promise was fulfilled. The men wearied of waiting first upon the government, then upon their own leaders, for relief. They organized new unions in protest against the old. They struck, only to find their leaders leading union men as strike breakers against this strike. This, after the men had twice withheld a threatened strike. When the strikes were postponed the Esch-Cummins railroad bill was urged as a reason for deferring decision upon wage demands. There must be investigation and report. Finally the railroad bill was passed. By heroic effort a provision penalizing strikes was kept out of the bill. When the bill was passed there was prolonged delay in setting its labor machinery in working order. The appointment of the Labor Board was held off. The railroad owners had their roads back with guaranteed earnings. The workers had no surety of anything except the same old pay and continually increasing prices. They looked to the Brotherhoods. The Brotherhoods were doing nothing except here and there dabbling with the Plumb plan that was put away and embalmed when the Esch-Cummins bill was passed. These yardmen and switchmen were made desperate. They heard nothing but "Wait!" No wonder they rebelled against the old organizations and struck regardless of contracts so-called. It was but human nature to do as they did. The government owes them consideration because it added to their grievances. It should not stand upon technicalities put into a law *ex post facto* to the men's grievances. As for the Brotherhoods and the Federation of Labor, they must beware the immediate future. When they fight with the railroads against their fellows they imperil their hold on the men. The workers are likely to think about the time when the garment workers were sold out year after year by their leaders who were the mainstay of the great sweat-shop system. The garment workers revolted and established their own association. It has been separate from the Federation of Labor. It is successful. It has almost abolished the sweat-shop system. It deals as an equal with the great employing concerns. Something like this may come out of the wildcat strike. The old labor organizations are imperiled by this wildcat strike. Some of the leaders are beginning to see it. They are losing their following. If the Railroad Board will not hear the "wildcats" the Brotherhoods and the Federation of Labor may have to come across for these insurgents. The insurgents may stiffen the soft backs of the leaders who in good fat berths have been only too willing to wait. This is the other side of all the talk about the strikers repudiating their agreements. It is the very human side. The Railroad Labor Board can save a strike of much larger pro-

portions by hearing the strikers. And it may be that only by hearing the men and adjusting their grievances can the union organization as we have known it be saved from disintegration and collapse.

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Mr. Gompers' Remedy

OUR Uncle Samuel Gompers tells us eloquently of the shortcomings of Congress. It does the things it shouldn't do, and leaves undone the things it should do. Then it half does or undoes things, straddles and passes the buck. It doesn't repeal war legislation that affects the people. It doesn't stop profiteering. It doesn't do anything for labor but it does much for the railroads. In short, Congress is very considerable of a failure, as our Uncle Samuel Gompers sees it. But he's going to improve it. How? Why, the Federation of Labor is going to subject each candidate for Congress to a quiz on the things he proposes to do, and if the candidates don't answer right, Union Labor is going to swat that candidate and knock him out. That's all right, but there are other people, and more of them than of Labor Federationists, who may like those candidates because of the things for which Labor won't like them, and so the candidates that Labor may swat may get elected. Labor tried this thing on congressional candidates once before, and marked out about twenty of them in various parts of the country for slaughter. Election day came on and Labor did not defeat any of its marks. You see the other people loved those candidates for the enemies they had made, and voted them in. Now I am fond of our Uncle Samuel Gompers. He is wise and wary and he means in the main the best in the world. He wants everybody to be better off than he is mentally, physically, spiritually, financially and every other way. But suppose our Uncle Samuel Gompers elected all the candidates that the American Federation of Labor finds approvable, what would happen? We would have a Federation of Labor government. So far, so good. But what would that mean, what fundamental change would that bring about? Would it destroy the mastery of men's jobs by the workers of the land? It would not. Would it get for the people control of the resources of their own country? It would not. Would it do anything but establish an *entente cordiale* between the bosses and the workers in which the latter would say in effect to the former, "Go ahead and get all you can out of everybody; we don't care how much you get, so we get ours?" It would not. Union Labor in politics won't get anything for the rest of us, or indeed much for itself in the long run. Our Uncle Samuel Gompers may have our ailments diagnosed properly but he hasn't the remedy for them. He doesn't see anything beyond wages, or if he does, he doesn't say anything about it. He doesn't strike deep enough. And as we view some of the labor leaders subordinate to our Uncle Samuel Gompers in various neighborhoods we know, and see the kind of politicians, municipal and state, with whom they are tied up, and think of the dickers and deals and jobs they stand for, we wonder how many of those lieutenants give a tinker's dam on election day for anything but the dough that may be then on distribution. Our Uncle Samuel Gompers and the Federation of Labor are all right as fighters of fire with fire, but they don't really mean anything when it comes right down to the question of straightening things out politically, socially and economically for everybody. If the Federation of Labor means the greatest good to the greatest number, then the greatest number is our old friend, Number One.

Stock Dividends as "Melons"

To my comment upon the decision of the United States Supreme Courts that stock dividends are not taxable as income, exceptions have been taken by many of my readers. I argued that dividends are profits and, when distributed, are profits to those who receive them, and certainly are income. The dividend being given in stock made no difference. The stock so given has value. If not, why distribute it? But my critics informed me that stock dividends meant only what it means in the game of poker when the banker gives a player, let us say, four red chips for one blue one. A stock dividend, they say, means that the recipient gets more shares of the property in which he is a holder, at a lesser value each, but totalling with his other holdings the value of his original possession in the company.

But Wall street and the speculative community seem to agree with me. Monday morning's *Globe-Democrat* contained a long dispatch from New York showing this. Wall street thinks that stock dividends are profit and income. And the heads of great corporations seem to think so too. At least they cut loose with copious stock dividends since the decision. The *Globe-Democrat* dispatch mentions some of the more prominent corporations that have done this. Among them are the Studebaker Corporation, Crucible Steel of America, General Motors, Stutz Motor, Kelly-Springfield Tire, and International Motor Truck. The Studebaker Corporation declared a 33-1-3 per cent stock dividend, Crucible Steel 50 per cent, Stutz two dividends of 20 and 80 per cent, General Motors 10 per cent, Kelly-Springfield 3 per cent. And all those stocks have soared since the Supreme Court gave its decision, though of course Stutz went up because brokers had sold 10,000 more shares than were out and couldn't deliver them. Their efforts to buy for delivery sent that stock from 123½ to 700 over the counter. Now scores of companies have declared stock dividends in excess of \$100,000,000. The Government cannot tax this sum. The court's decision cost the government probably \$50,000,000 in income tax receipts for 1917-18-19. Actuary of the Treasury McCoy estimated that the government would have to refund approximately \$35,000,000 for income taxes paid on stock dividends for 1917 and 1918. The year 1919 would have brought at least \$15,000,000 more to the income tax receipts. Wall street does not think that stock dividends are not profits or income. To quote the *Globe-Democrat* dispatch again such stock dividend distribution is considered in every case as "the cutting of a melon," and the prices of the stocks have reflected this view. "To the Supreme Court a stock dividend may mean that a company's accumulated profits have been capitalized instead of distributed, but the ticker tape is evidence that Wall street regards stock dividends as distribution of profits, pure and simple." Can it be that the Wall street man is wrong in thinking when he gets as a dividend two or three shares of stock for the one share he held before, that he is putting money in his purse? Such dividends increase the value or at least the quotation value of all the shares of stock. This would seem to constitute income or something so very much like it as to be indistinguishable therefrom. I think Wall street knows more about income and what stock dividends are, than the Supreme Court knows. It may be having a Barmecide feast of nothingness, but it has not discovered that fact as yet.

A Brewer on the Volstead Law

I HAVE received the appended letter concerning the campaign for beer and light wines. It is interesting as coming from a well known brewer who prefers to remain anonymous. To my thinking the communication is plain horse sense. Here is the letter:

Dear Reedy:

You don't expect approval from a brewer on your stand that there is too much prohibition politics, but here is mine and for these reasons.

The talk is all about the Volstead act, concurrent power, the percentage of alcohol to be permitted in vinous or malt liquors, and so forth. What a brewer wants is to get rid of the Eighteenth Amendment altogether. If we can't get that we might as well drop the subject.

A lot of politicians want to amend the Volstead act to make it easier on us. To put that over will require a fund and we will have to provide it. Well, say the act is so amended: all right. We go ahead. The dries get busy then to amend the bill back again so it will be more prohibitory. They have a fund for that. But we got to get another fund to fight that amendment. If we win the dries come back again and we got to finance another fight against them. It's an endless chain and an endless drain on us. We never can know how long we can run or on what basis.

Like this it was when we were fighting against local option. When we won we only won another chance to put up for another fight. When we lost we had to put up another fight. It was rich pickings for the political grafters. Now we will have got this kind of thing in congress each session and in each state legislature under concurrent power legislation—to stop concurrence, or to amend concurrence so as to get a little higher per cent beer, or to stop the lowering of the per cent. Fighting prohibition and local option that way cost the brewers millions of dollars. Who got it? Grafters. We had no peace.

The Volstead act won't stay amended in our favor if it is amended. The prohibitionists will be always busy about it. So as one brewer I won't put up a dollar to amend that act. Nor will any other brewer who has any sense at all. The beer and light wines talk is nothing but hope on a string for us and all it comes to is that some fellows get in office on it but will be put out later by the dries. We are to be on the griddle all the time and we couldn't do business never knowing what we'd be allowed to brew for more than two years at a time.

If people want light wines and beer all they can do is put them in the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution and how much shall be the alcohol allowed in them. All the rest is what you call political bunk to tap the brewers for campaign funds for politicians who want to hold power in the cities.

Maybe the time will come yet, after the nuisance of prohibition has been three or four or five years with us, that the people will want their beer and light wines bad enough to support an amendment to the Eighteenth Amendment that will put the light wines and beers in the Constitution. There is no other way. I am out of the brewing business and will stay out until I know what I can brew and for how long I can brew. I don't want to be opened up by one congress or one legislature only to be shut down by another and all the time passing out money to protect my interests which can't be protected long enough to enable me to make any money.

From me take it that the prohibition will not be done away with by the brewers. The people must do it, but they won't do it until the prohibition gets their goat with its tyranny worse than the Kaiser. The keeping up of the beer and light wines fight means brewers must keep putting up till they go to the poor house. They better lay low and keep what little money they got already.

That's why I say you are right in saying there is too much prohibition talk in politics. Let the people get their full of prohibition. Then we may do something, not before.

P. S. Don't print my name.

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Some Scraps Over Sculpture

THIS is not the age of sculpture, it seems. Take even Manship's "Rockefeller," considered elsewhere by a critic of the *Freeman*: It is made the theme of a mordant economico-sociological exposition. Then there's that statue modelled by M. Raphael Peyre, of Paris, symbolizing the American soldier. It seems, judging by photographs, to be a vivid, noble, vital presentation of the American fighter but all its sculptural merit is obscured by

the row that has been raised over it by the regular army. The doughboys say that this work of art, "Crusading for the Right," is another case of the marines stealing all the glory of the American participation in the war. M. Peyre, who was himself a *poilu*, was moved to commemorate the Yankees who stopped the Germans at Chateau Thierry in May 1918 because he had seen them in that action. When his work was exhibited at the salon, behold, the statue was not of an American soldier but of a marine. And this is how it happened: When M. Peyre replied to General Harts, then commanding the District of Paris, for an American soldier to pose as a model, about one hundred men, including a few marines, were lined up one day and M. Peyre was told to select any one of the number. To M. Peyre they were all *American soldiers*. He had never heard of "marines" strange as it may seem! and did not know there were any attached to the army. However, by chance, the man he selected happened to be a marine. When the statue was exhibited in General Harts' office in Paris, it did not have the marine corps insignia, whereupon the marine who had posed as his model went to him and requested that it be added. Thinking that it was a divisional insignia, M. Peyre gladly placed "the globe, eagle and anchor" emblem on the helmet, not suspecting that there was any difference between a "marine" and a "doughboy," but believing that they were both of the American Army. From this sprang much trouble in our forces abroad. Marines vaunted themselves over it. That statue showed who had won the war. When they told this to the doughboys, there were ructions, including fist fights, all over Paris. When the Paris *Herald* printed an article on the statue saying it symbolized the marines, things got so warm that the sculptor wrote to the commanding general of the marine corps in Washington, protesting against the claims and representations of the "soldiers of the sea." It seems that the marines quite early in the proceedings ordered a statue of heroic size to be erected in Washington this spring, stipulating in the contract that the helmet should bear the marine corps insignia. M. Peyre signed it. He will live up to it. The service papers are saying that the sculptor meant to glorify the marines. The "doughboys" say that the marines have publicity agents doing their work for them to show that they are the supreme crusaders for the right and they—and they only—are the subject of the first sculptural masterpiece of the war. There has been published in Paris a booklet in which the marines are "exposed" in this effort to hog all the glory. Distinguished army officers write me indignantly on the subject.

But there's worse trouble over a piece of war sculpture in England—the recently unveiled statue to Edith Cavell. "This thing cannot be suffered to remain," says John Middleton Murry, art critic, in the *London Nation*. He speaks of its "tons of tortured granite." Better no memorial of the heroic nurse than this one, which "if allowed to remain," will be "an almost eternal witness that the professed devotion to the memory of Edith Cavell was unilluminated by a glimpse of understanding of her spirit." Mr. Murry continues: "Put a schoolboy or a savage in front of this 'memorial.' He will see a creature with two great staring eyes and a square snout towering over the effigy of the heroine. Out of the head of this monster he will see arise the rudiments of a cross; out of the rudiments of this cross he will see arise a female figure of no conceivable significance, engaged in balancing a contorted baby on a portion of the cross which has no right to be there.

And these are not all the marvels he will see. If he goes to the back of the memorial he will discover that the body of this ineffable female figure is the cross. Just as the square-snouted, goggled-eyed griffin below has sprouted into a cross, the cross in its turn has sprouted into a female. There is also a lion with his tail held in such a position as to explain his look of agony. The schoolboy or the savage, spared from the knowledge of what curious strangeness in the national taste the figure betokens, can laugh at it; no grown-up Englishman can."

Remembering the outburst of malevolent criticism of Barnard's Lincoln, a replica of which it was proposed to set up in London, and considering the manifestations of acerbity and acrimony over Epstein's sculpture of Christ recently displayed in the British metropolis, and now coming upon these discontents over other works in the same field of art, one must say that sculpture is in these days, in the language of the insurance fraternity, "an extra hazardous occupation."

Tax Bill to Reduce Taxes

THIS government must reduce taxes. The present tax exactions create discontent. They keep down production. They take the increase of wages and more from the workers. There are many proposals for reduction now under discussion, but all of them are plans so to levy the taxes that the multitude will have to pay more, while the privileged few pay less. They are all taxes upon earnings of the many and to the extent that they are that, they operate as a relief from taxation for the favored folk who do not work. They tax the producers but let the speculators alone.

But there is one proposal which has not been much discussed, if at all. It is embodied in a bill in Congress, known as the Ralston-Nolan bill (H. R. 12397). The purpose of this bill is to permit a reduction of about \$1,000,000,000 in the federal tax burden on business enterprises, by raising the same amount of revenue by a federal tax of one per cent on the privilege of holding land—urban, agricultural, coal, oil, mineral, timber, waterpower, etc.—valued (irrespective of improvements) over \$10,000.

To collect taxes almost wholly from the *earned* values of industry and enterprise and practically none from the *unearned* values of land ownership (the result of community growth and development) is morally indefensible. Official statistics show that the privilege of land ownership represents half the property values in the United States. Industrial property values, worth \$130,000,000,000 bear more than four-sixths of the total federal revenue burden, while the privilege of land ownership, worth the same sum, bears altogether less than one-sixth of the total burden. Between fifty and sixty million dollars worth of vacant land pays not one cent of federal tax either direct or indirect. To state the condition is to condemn it. The Ralston-Nolan bill is the remedy—the only remedy.

So much for justice and equity. Now for practicality. Under this bill revenue-raising would be simplified. It would call for no more machinery. It would reduce the cost of collection. The land cannot be concealed. There it is. No inquisitorial methods are needed to find it or its value. The collection of the tax upon it would be easy. This tax would bring land into use, stimulate agriculture, building, manufacture, production generally. All other taxes do the opposite—especially income and excess-profits taxes. They add to the

price of goods, reduce the purchasing power of the consumer, diminish demand, shorten sales, cripple business, in brief. The tax on the land-holding privilege would encourage everything that those other taxes discourage. It would discourage nothing but speculation in land values, which, as everything comes out of the land through labor, are life-values. It would mean more food, better clothing, better living quarters, improved health. What business can anyone do with vacant land? Using land makes industry go. To get the land into use, tax it. The untaxed fifty or sixty billion dollars' worth of vacant land and idle natural resources are a tax upon the values created by the laborer, the manufacturer and the merchant. This makes the land holder, as such, a privileged person. Other people, workers, bear his burden. The Ralston-Nolan bill should have the support of all merchants, manufacturers and business organizations, for it means untaxing merchants and manufacturers to the extent of at least \$1,000,000,000 and it passes that tax to people who pay nothing to the federal revenues for the land values created not by the holders but by everybody.

Seventy-one hundred business houses, with an aggregate capital of \$1,300,000,000, have expressed themselves as favoring this bill. The Committee of Manufacturers and Merchants on Federal Taxation, 1346 Altgeld street, Chicago, Otto Cullman, chairman of the Executive Committee, has in charge the campaign for its passage. It is the best tax reduction bill yet proposed. It untaxes what should not be taxed and it taxes what should be taxed but is not. Look up H. R. 12397. It's the one best bet in the great tax lottery.

The Future of the Bonus

Most interesting, in view of the prospect of the passage of the soldiers' bonus bill, is the dispatch in last Saturday's paper announcing the passage by the Senate the day before of the House bill increasing pensions of civil war veterans to \$50 monthly and those of veterans' widows to \$30 monthly. The bill now goes to conference. Senate amendments make the increases applicable to 215 veterans of the Mexican war and 1,576 widows of Mexican war veterans, as well as 73 widows of veterans of the war of 1812. The present average pension of veterans is \$37.50 and that of widows \$25. The measure will add about \$65,250,000 to the present pension roll of \$214,000,000. Last June there were 271,520 civil war veterans and 336,375 widows and dependents on the pension rolls. The bill provides pensions up to \$90 monthly for disabled veterans. Consider how long it has been since our Civil War ended and then consider again how long it has been since the Mexican War. Then consider the greater number of soldiers we had in the World War and reflect what our payments may be after such stretches of time as those since the Mexican and Civil wars! For there is no assurance that the bonus now demanded will be the last and only one. If the present pension roll is \$214,000,000, and the new pension bill adds \$62,250,000 to that amount, what may we be paying out in bonuses fifty years from now on account of the war that was to make the world safe for democracy? We are asked to start out with a bonus of between \$1,500,000,000 and \$4,000,000,000. Later there will be claims for ailments acquired in the war. There will be widows and dependents to be taken care of. There will be for half a century a World War soldiers' vote to be catered to by politicians in Congress. If only we could take the money for the soldiers from the people who have made oodles of

money out of the war while the soldiers were fighting, it would be all right. But we won't. We will have to take it from the people generally, including a large number of the soldiers themselves. We might fix it so that the soldiers and everybody can have more opportunity to produce wealth and keep it for themselves, but we won't. The dogs in the manger won't let us. And there you are.

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Handing Reading a Melon

WHEN the United States Supreme Court renders a decision compelling the Reading Railroad to dispossess itself of vast coal properties, Wall Street regards the "disaster" as good news. For Wall Street knows who will get the coal properties. The owners of Reading will get them. All the Supreme Court dissolutions have yielded profits to the dissolved. Remember Standard Oil and Tobacco. Behold how the Packers trust is dissolving into the dissolute hands of the Packers' trust owners! It begins to look as if the Court did the United States Steel Corporation a bad turn in refusing to dissolve it. Those decisions do not reach the heart of the trust question. Why? Because they leave the control of natural resources in practically the same hands as before, and the people who control those natural resources will make their own prices upon the output. And the owners will combine no matter what happens. The Court admitted there was a Steel combination or understanding, but said in effect it was a reasonable one. The Court may decide and decide again; the fact remains that there is no cure but one for the evil of private control of natural resources and that is public ownership as demanded in the platform of the Committee of Forty-eight formulated at St. Louis last November. We may talk about restoring competition but there is no competition between the private holders of the wealth in the land. They will combine when it is to their interest to combine. The Reading company will not let go of its coal holdings to anyone who will use them to the disadvantage of the Reading interest. And Reading is said to contemplate cutting a \$330,000,000 melon.

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The Retail Sales Tax

PROF. ALLYN A. YOUNG, of the Department proposal for the imposition of a direct tax upon the sale of all commodities and the repeal of the profits tax on corporations. According to the *Cornell Sun*, Prof. Young does not believe that the tax on sales would provide the necessary funds. About two billion dollars a year is needed. Seventy-five billion dollars is given as the approximate income of the people of the United States. Of this sum about fifty billions are spent for commodities, while the rest goes for rent, domestic help and other things which could not be taxed. At least a five per cent levy would then be needed to raise the money required. Such a tax at present would be decidedly unpopular throughout the country, according to Prof. Young, because of the high prices that already exist. Moreover, the Treasury Department would have to organize an extremely complex system of collection. The direct sales tax would mean that all dealers in the United States would have to be examined and the taxes collected from them. The tax, moreover, says Prof. Young, would be unjust in its distribution. The poorer people of the country spend far larger proportions of their incomes for necessary commodities than do the rich. In this way they would be taxed far more heavily. Clearly, the retail sales tax does not promise relief for a burdened people.

If the Republicans advocate it they will lose the next election. The excess profits tax does stop production at a certain point, but that tax can be stopped at a certain figure of production, say that of last year, leaving all production over that figure free of the tax. This would promote production without sacrificing too much revenue. Concerning proposals to tax incomes more heavily, that is not practical. The temptation to evade such taxes by gifts and bequests would be irresistible. The more the tax question is discussed the more evident it becomes that the way to get both increased production and increased revenue is to tax land values which are created by the public at large, and therefore belong to the public.

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Why Hiram Runs So Well

SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON seems to be running like a scared deer in primary after primary. His enemies profess to wonder at this, or are offering fantastic explanations thereof to his discredit. But we should be fair to Johnson, even though in some of his aspects he be very much like a demagogue in the debased significance of that word. Why does Johnson run so well? Because, as I take it, he is against the League of Nations, i. e., against Wilson to the uttermost limit and the last syllable of recorded time. That is high merit in a Republican. It goes better than the attitude of Senator Lodge. And Johnson has to be utterly anti-Wilsonian. Why? Was he not accused of selling out and knifing Hughes in California and electing Wilson in 1916? He must set himself right. He is a Republican who will have no truck with anything Democratic. That helps him with the Old Guard somewhat. Moreover Johnson is the real residuary legatee of the beloved Roosevelt. General Wood inherits only the militaristic spirit of Theodore. Johnson carries on the Rooseveltian tradition of opposition to the domination of Republicanism by the special interests. Johnson represents the Rooseveltian social program for social and industrial amelioration—as far as that goes, which is not very far; distinguishing between good and bad trusts and all that, but never quite getting down to fundamentals. Johnson is a liberal, as liberals go in the Republican party. That liberalism rallies to his support as against the blank reactionism of men like Wood and Lowden and Harding. Johnson is not so liberal as La Follette, but La Follette was stamped with pro-Germanism early in the war, as I think, unfairly and even foully. In fact La Follette is a radical, and radicalism has not been welcomed in the Republican party since Lincoln's day. Insofar as the Republican party is in touch with the people, as distinct from the representatives of the invisible government, Hiram Johnson represents that contact. There are more of the people than there are of the fixed and the fixers, and it is the people who are fighting for Johnson's nomination. It may be that there are reactionaries for him in California and elsewhere, but they do not give his support its most marked character. He represents that Republicanism which is opposed to the continuation, with but slight modification, of the methods and purposes of Mark Hanna. There is no Republican who can presume to dispute this honor with him. Even Hoover cannot do it. For Hoover is chiefly an efficiency expert. There is no soul in efficiency as such. Moreover, Hoover is imperfectly disconnected with the interests of this country's and the world's exploitationists. Hoover has never fought corporation influence and privilege anywhere as Johnson fought both in California as governor. Hoover stands for

doing nothing to business that will obstruct the success of the elements in politics that know exactly what they want and don't hesitate about the means of getting it. Johnson is more of an out-and-outer. The common people hear him gladly and vote for him, even when they have to go to the trouble of writing his name in on the ballot. They know what and whom they want. This explains the triumphs of Hiram Johnson, and not the fact that his seat in the Senate has been next to that of Knox of Pennsylvania. He seems to be winning because he is the people's man, by which I mean the people as distinct from the mild idealists, mostly well fixed in good jobs in the commercial world, who think that what we want is good government on the filing-cabinet, card-index basis, without interfering with the good things that government has handed to the elect. As between Johnson and Hoover, we shall see what we shall see in the California primary. Johnson may be defeated, but then again he may not. At large the political mechanicians may secure more state delegations and defeat him. They will start with the solid South. They will get the states that the big interests control. Johnson will get the more democratic states. Will he get enough to win the nomination? But that is not so much the question with the leaders of his party as the one: Will he be amenable to managerial reason if he should be nominated and elected? Out in California they say he is a supreme politician. That may be, but he is at least too big a man to stultify himself by abandoning the principles upon which his success has been based—principles of more popular participation in government and more concern for popular participation in the benefits of government through the abolition of restrictions upon opportunity. It seems sure that the only way to beat Johnson is by the combination of all other candidates against him and giving him a platform that will put an Oregon boot upon his progressivism.

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The Rebuke of Reed

MISSOURI has rebuked Senator Reed. The Democracy would not send him to the San Francisco convention even as a delegate from his home district. Now I take it that the turn down of Reed is not because of his opposing any League of Nations, but because of his antagonism to and criticism of President Wilson long antedating the consideration of the peace treaty. It was not altogether because of what he did but because of the nasty way he did it. The Democracy assembled at Joplin was concerned only about the party and the party's leader. Neither the sympathy of the Democratic Irish nor the support of the lingering pro-Germanism in the party, both much in evidence at Mr. Reed's meetings here, could save him. The woman vote was against him because of his worse than slighting remarks upon the sex's intelligence. The dries were against him, too. No consideration of the man's courage and independence in refusing to be a cuckoo to the White House was allowed to be presented. The Old Guard, caring mostly for party regularity and resenting the Senator's truly Wilsonian intractability and unamenability to advice or suggestion from its leaders, determined to roll him, and it did. The convention did not declare unequivocally for Mr. Wilson's League of Nations however, but only for a League of Nations. Missouri Democrats repudiated and humiliated Senator Reed because he was not a blind partisan. The machine throughout the state was stronger than that element in the party sympathetic to Reed's attitude towards the League. The

same influences that exalted the men who opposed Cleveland on the silver issue combined to destroy the senior Senator for fighting Wilson. What was glorious independence twenty-four years ago is rank treason today. But after all has been said, Democratic Missouri wants some kind of a League of Nations. It does not favor the rejection of the treaty. The Old Guard gauged public opinion better than did James A. Reed. He said he left his case to the judgment of his party's convention. That convention has condemned him without regard to the integrity of his purposes or the fearlessness of his refusal to accept dictation of his course from anyone. From the standpoint of a better conception of the duty of a Senator to his own conscience the party in Missouri could have better spared a better party man. For, with all his imperfections, James A. Reed is a man, his own man, and not a mindless automation.

Bryan, Cock o' the Walk

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN will go to the Democratic convention from Nebraska. He defeated the opposition of Senator Hitchcock and now Hitchcock retires from the contest for Democratic leadership of the Senate. Bryan is for the peace treaty with reservations. Hitchcock was Wilson's representative in the Senate. Bryan's triumph is a hard blow to the cause of the treaty as written. It is a setback for President Wilson. Bryan will be a big man in the convention, probably the big man. Wilson will have more delegates with him, I should say, but in 1912 Bryan took delegates in blocks and flocks from their leaders at Baltimore. It will be a thinly veiled fight between Wilson and Bryan, with the latter in rather a strong position. For Bryan stands for listening to the people, while Wilson listens only to "voices in the air" and the eloquence of his own ego. Bryan will be backed by the country's prohibitionist sentiment. Wilson vetoed the Volstead act. Bryan will probably insist upon a dry plank in the platform, but the unterrified Democrats from the cities will oppose it. A compromise will hardly suit Mr. Bryan, whose specialty is moral issues. He will not stand for beers and light wines. I doubt if the party will have the courage to vote him down. If it does it will lose the rural vote. If it doesn't it will lose the city vote. It may stand for enforcement of prohibition and for trying it out, but that won't mean anything. Bryan may split the party even though he may not bolt. And whom does he want for the nominee? No one knows. Some suspect, himself. Would he favor Wilson for a third term? Hardly. Palmer is a dry, but Palmer has put up only a fake fight against the profiteers, and he has been a rampant supporter of espionage and of suppression of opinion and of war laws as a means of breaking strikes. Bryan does not like that. There's McAdoo? He is the ablest of the aspirants, but is he innocent of Wall Street affiliations and is he not too close to Wilson? Bryan respects Wilson somewhat, but he thinks there's too much Wilson in Democracy now, and too little Democracy in Wilson. Therefore, Bryan may not like McAdoo. He may be sizing them all up and waiting until the convention gets into action before he decides to whom to throw the prize as he did at Baltimore. He will not have anyone who is wet or even mildly moist: that is the one thing certain. So it would seem the one test will be as to prohibition. It will be more important than the League of Nations issue, than even public ownership of the trunk line railroads. Upon the whole, insofar as Bryan will have power in the convention, it

will be exercised in opposition to the complete domination of the convention by Wilson, who put him on the skids as Secretary of State. Will Wilson's appointees and the delegates they control be able to overcome Bryan's influence? It is doubtful. Bryan is closer to the people than Wilson. I should say that the Wilson League without the dotting of an "i" or the crossing of a "t" will not be indorsed. If so it will be a Bryan victory and as both parties will then favor reservations the League will hardly be a clear cut issue, but prohibition may supplant it, if Bryan puts over his dry plank. I hear he wants to be permanent chairman of the convention. If he can achieve that, he may do more. He may be the nominee—who can tell? There isn't anybody apparently whom he can support with quite the enthusiasm with which he can support himself. Aside from the large looming of Mr. Bryan it seems to me that just at present there is a drift of opinion in favor of the selection of Mr. McAdoo for the nominee at San Francisco and Mr. McAdoo is helping the drift along by his utterances in favor of free speech and all that sort of thing. If Mr. McAdoo can get Bryan and has Wilson, he's the candidate. But—let's wait and see!

Your Servant--the State

By Lockie Parker

TRANSLATION by Frida and Harold Laski of M. Leon Duguit's book, "Law in the Modern State," into English calls our attention to the work of one of the most significant political theorists of modern France. The document is also interesting as giving us a clearer idea of the fundamental conceptions on which Laski, Herbert Croly and other "pluralists" base their arguments for the bestowal of certain traditional powers of the state on group organizations.

Yet in one thing M. Duguit draws a definite line between himself and these enthusiastic partisans. He argues no question of "ought" of progress or decline—"a scientific social theory can find no meaning in such terms." He simply makes a statement of fact and proceeds to establish its reality as a fact by means of evidence that would, no doubt, be convincing if one could follow him critically through the history of the numerous cases he cites and the subtle inferences he draws from various judicial decisions. It would take a legal student with an exceptional knowledge of French jurisprudence to do this competently.

However, the merest layman can comprehend his main points. His thesis is that the idea of a state sovereignty, complete and irresponsible, is going into eclipse. And, since sovereignty that admits responsibility or incompleteness is, by definition, no longer sovereign; he deduces the end of state sovereignty. He traces briefly the history of sovereignty from Roman times down to the present. He makes the interesting observation that the Middle Ages, in spite of turbulent and autocratic feudal lords, was characteristically an age of contract and that the whole order of society was based on this idea rather than upon that of any sovereign power. A little harking back to feudal relations supports this idea. The lord guaranteed to his vassal military protection and security in certain privileges, while the vassal promised service and payments in produce or other material goods. The terms were usually set forth quite exactly in the rather elaborate ceremony by which the man became the vassal of his lord. There was no question of a divine right to anything. That was a development that came later with the growth of national sentiment and the centralization of power in an absolute monarch. It is in the reign of Kings like Louis XIV and the Stuarts that we first find a political power whose decisions it is impious to

question. Then the revolutionists of the eighteenth century transferred this theory almost intact to the state and we find in the political documents of that school many statements similar to the following from the Declaration of Rights: "The source of all sovereignty resides fundamentally in the nation. * * * Sovereignty is one and indivisible, inalienable and imprescriptible. It belongs to the nation."

This brings us to M. Duguit's assertion that through this period we have passed also and that our attitude toward the state has changed very definitely, though, for the most part, unconsciously. Discussions are no longer in terms of the subjective powers of the state, and incidentally he believes that the case for the subjective rights of the individual is weakening also. But to keep to the state—a representative French publicist, M. Haurion, has written, "The real function of power is to create order and stability. This function it fulfills with more or less success. Power is legitimate when the fulfillment is adequate." Now this epitomizes M. Duguit's attitude to a nicety. The whole question is now one of the attainment of an object previously specified. *Power is legitimate when the fulfillment is adequate.* And, as a corollary, "governmental power * * * can only maintain itself in any durable fashion through the belief of its subjects that their rulers perform their functions."

"Rulers" may seem a rash term to use, but to maintain that our laws and statutes—not to speak of administrative measures—express directly the will of the citizen would be absurd. Considering the multiple services demanded of the modern state, to ask the individual citizen to express his will directly in each case from sanitation to foreign policy would be ridiculous. As for a collective will that is something metaphysically different from the sum of individual wills, that is a "*concept de l'esprit dénoué de toute réalité positive.*" In actuality the individuals who belong to the political majority in their district depute their powers of government to some one individual chosen from among themselves. Thus the will that at any time legislates for a country or administers its affairs is, in actuality, the sum of the wills of so many representatives or senators or administrative officials. And they are in practice, the government, the rulers, though not without responsibility to the people whose deputies they are. One only needs to listen for ten minutes to any discussion of our national affairs to be quite convinced that our sovereign legislators and executives are regarded merely as the managers of the nation's business and frequently very badly controlled and inefficient managers. Citizens criticize them freely, saying that certain actions are unethical, socially harmful or—in extreme cases—unconstitutional.

At this point M. Duguit distinguishes between two kinds of law—the normative and the constructive. According to his theory, there are certain principles of social discipline that men are quite generally agreed on and that must have existed as rules of right before they were formulated into statutes, or, as Laski excellently puts it, "the rule of law is clearly independent of the state and, indeed anterior to it; for it is the principle on which the life of society—far vaster in extent than the state—depends." The statutes based on such commonly accepted and socially necessary principles Duguit calls normative, while the ones which are concerned with the method of enforcing these principles he terms constructive, since they construct the machinery whereby the state functions. For example, universal suffrage might be considered a normative law, but the voting regulations and other measures which seek to guarantee the purity of elections are constructive. Now, the normative laws are so universally recognized as right and just that they are seldom seriously questioned, but their application through constructive statutes frequently arouses opposition, and the acts of individual officials are often criticized. When the of-

ficial goes beyond the power entrusted to him to achieve a certain end or uses the power to achieve and different from that of the normative or achieves the latter only inadequately, the citizen may appeal to the courts. In France there is a special court, which tries these cases, called the Council of State, and they have handed down some very interesting decisions. One noteworthy point is that in such cases, the government, not the individual official, is held responsible. The individual may be disciplined later by the rules of his department, but it is the *sovereign* state which admits responsibility to the private citizen and even pays damages if the case requires it. To sum up, we are acquiring or have acquired an idea of the state as a sort of public service corporation on a large scale, whose duty it is not only to protect and police us, but to attend to delivery of our mail, to sanitation, transportation and a host of minor services and its power is legitimate only when it adequately performs these services.

Whether this is a desirable state of affairs M. Duguit does not tell us. When he has proved his point he has little to add. The only thing like instruction evolved from his study is that change is the normal state of social institutions. "Our own system, realist, social, and objective, represents but a moment of history and before it has been finally builded, the keen observer will note its transmutation into a newer code. The generation that is to come will be happy in so far as it is able, in better fashion than ourselves, to achieve freedom from its dogmas and prejudices."

Mr. Laski's introduction is helpful in relating M. Duguit's work to English and American thought

Manship's Rockefeller

IN his bust of John D. Rockefeller now on exhibition in New York, Paul Manship has given us a work that will be remembered long after the Rockefeller bequests to universities and institutes are forgotten. Rarely is such exquisite workmanship to be found; the delicacy and finesse never for a moment lose surety of touch. Sincerity and candour are expressed in every line. It is the most penetrating and courageous portrait that has been produced by a sculptor for many a long day. It is a revelation of consummate artistry founded upon a large sense of drama and characterization. Here is something of which American art can justly be proud.

After studying Sargent's portraits of John D. Rockefeller, the bust by Paul Manship comes as a revelation of the possibilities of expressing in marble the complexities of lineament and character. The Sargent portraits give something too much of the philanthropist and the repose of the self-satisfied Baptist; they discover a man whose interesting past has been washed away in the godliness of large bequests. There is, however, something more to be observed in this subject than merely a well-groomed benevolent gentleman of great age enjoying his ripe years in hard-earned repose. It is one thing to depict the characteristics of a subject at a phase of life which is altogether exceptional, and so create an impression that the mood and period selected by the artist are typical. This is what is usually done, but it is never satisfactory, for each life has its own drama, its own conflicts, defeats and triumphs, and the test of the artist's power comes in his appreciation of the traits and characteristics which have been instrumental in producing the whole man. This is what Paul Manship has succeeded in doing—he brings the whole man before us; he has dramatized the life of John D. Rockefeller.

Even to the choice of the colour and tone of the stone, which has a sear and yellow note, Manship has succeeded in obtaining astonishing completeness. The head, confidently poised, is set forward from the broad, round shoulders which slope gracefully away to the lithe arms. The right shoulder seems

to be raised, and is somewhat shorter than the left. Indeed the right side of the bust reveals the tense determination of the man. It is indicative of a concentration of nervous energy which has been the propelling force of his career. In strange contrast to the head, so full of interest, the neatness of the clothes, the prim collar, and the tidy cravat, give an appearance of sleekness. The head has nobility—is well-balanced and has great depth and breadth, though there is a squareness about it which tells of obduracy, power of concentration, acquisitiveness. The expansion from the temples back over the ears is quite extraordinary. The temples are sunken, the cheek bones high with a fullness extending far towards the nostrils. The nose is Roman, the nostrils Gallic almost in their delicacy, and *retroussé*. But with the nose, as with every separate feature of this strangely fascinating face, there is found much more than form; there is something ferret-like about it, the wide-open nostrils seem to be scenting prey from afar. The upper lip, long and thin, emphasizes remarkably two strong, protruding muscles tapering down to its centre which seems to sag beneath their weight. Animal-like it overhangs the chin, and reveals a strange note of ferocity. The lower lip is also thin, with a feminine fineness and delicacy; here is all the cold, calculating power of the woman who will take what she wants no matter what the cost may be. From this beautifully modelled brow there is a slight recession in a chin of no great depth or strength. The notes here are feline in their quality; it is a beautiful chin, almost youthful, yet it adds no gracious quality to the face taken as a whole. The ears are the strangest that mortal ever possessed; turn them upside down and they are the ears of the fox. The wrinkled flesh falls from a sunken spot in the right cheek over the jaw where it joins the chin; the lines of care, determination, and tenacity show more on the right side than on the left, but nothing has disturbed the firmness and smoothness of the upper lip, the mouth and chin. The main muscles of the front neck are distended, and suggest the man's great power of swallowing severe criticism and contemptuous opinion; all emotions seem suppressed by grim intellectual restraint. The eyes look far over the obstacles which have stood in his way. They see the goal shining in the distance; they stare into the future, cold, heartless, merciless, with a penetration that amounts to certainty; they are the eyes of a remorseless mathematician calculating every problem to a nicety and forecasting every difficulty. The brows are raised, for nothing must cast a shadow across that vision, indeed the brows seem to recede at the very point where the pupils of the eyes glare straight ahead. The bust carries in it absolutely nothing that strikes the note of human sympathy; it is barren of everything that is lovable. Here is intellectual force carried to the extreme, without compassion, without mercy. It is extraordinary how so much that is delicate and refined in line and poise can make up an ensemble that is so sinister and forbidding.

Nothing reveals the emptiness of success so much as this face. The Phoenicians might have placed this on the altar they raised to Mammon, the god of ill-gotten gains.—*From The Freeman, New York.*

Croker's Insanity

RICHARD CROKER, Tammany's old chieftain, has been accused of "mental incompetence" by his children, who fear that he will leave the bulk of his vast estate to his young Indian wife. An "old friend," Fingy Connors, boss of Buffalo, declares that Croker's mind is as sound and active today as it ever was, and to prove it, says: "Why, he bought land down in Florida at \$25 to \$40 a front foot that he's been selling for \$200 and \$250, and he did not buy a hundred feet of it; he bought from three to four miles. That's insanity, isn't it?"

No; that's "unearned increment," says the San Francisco Star.

Twenty Sonnets

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

I.

I SHALL forget you presently, my dear;
So make the most of this, your little day,
Your little month, your little half a year,
Ere I forget, or die, or move away,
And we are done forever; by and by
I shall forget you, as I said,—but now,
If you entreat me with your loveliest lie
I will protest you with my favorite vow.
I would indeed that love were longer-lived,
And oaths were not so brittle as they are;
But so it is; and nature has contrived
To struggle on without a break thus far:
Whether or not we find what we are seeking
Is idle, biologically speaking.

II.

LOVING you less than life, a little less
Than bitter-sweet upon a broken wall
Or brush-wood smoke in autumn, I confess
I cannot swear I love you not at all;
For there is that about you in this light—
A yellow darkness, sinister of rain—
That sturdily recalls my stubborn sight
To dwell on you, and dwell on you again;
And I am made aware of many a week
I shall consume remembering in what way
Your brown hair grows about your brow and cheek
And what divine absurdities you say:
Till all the world, and I, and surely you,
Will know I love you, whether or not I do.

III.

INTO the golden vessel of great song
Let us pour all our passion; breast to breast
Let other lovers lie, in love and rest;
Not we,—articulate, so, but with the tongue
Of all the world: the churning blood, the long
Shuddering quiet, the desperate hot palms pressed
Sharply together upon the escaping guest,
The common soul, unguarded, and grown strong.
Longing alone is singer to the lute;
Let still on nettles in the open sigh
The minstrel, that in slumber is as mute
As any man, and love be far and high,
That else forsakes the topmost branch, a fruit
Found on the ground by every passer-by.

IV.

How healthily their feet upon the floor
Strike down!—these are no spirits, but a band
Of children, surely, leaping hand in hand
Into the air, in groups of three and four!
Wearing their silken rags as if they wore
Leaves only and light grasses, or a strand
Of black elusive seaweed oozing sand,
And running hard, as if along a shore!
I know how lost forever, and at length
How still, these lovely tossing limbs shall lie,
And the bright laughter and the panting breath;
And yet, before such beauty and such strength,
Again, as always when the dance is high,
I am rebuked that I believe in death.

V.

LOVE is not blind; I see with single eye
Your ugliness and other women's grace;
I know the imperfection of your face,—
The eyes too wide apart, the brow too high
For beauty—; learned from earliest youth am I
In loveliness, and cannot so erase
Its letters from my mind that I may trace
You faultless I must love until I die.
More subtle is the sovereignty of love,—
So am I caught that when I say, "Not fair"
'Tis but as if I said, "Not here—not there—
Not risen—not writing letters"—well I know
What is this beauty men are babbling of:
I wonder, only, why they prize it so.

(To be continued)

The Screws on the Press

By Oliver S. Morris

THIS is the obituary of the last remaining daily newspaper in Minnesota not published in the interests of the politico-business combine which has so long ruled the state.

I use the word "obituary" advisedly. The St. Paul Daily News will continue to be issued, but it will not be the St. Paul News that has built up a circulation of about 80,000 on its merits as a progressive newspaper—one which has told the truth about reform movements and fairly given the news concerning the farmer and labor organizations in politics.

Besides an obituary, it is a tragedy I have to report. In the three big cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth there are seven dailies. Six of them, besides opposing every progressive movement originated in the state in recent years, have refused to print in their news columns even the merest generalities about the activities of the liberal forces—that is, they have refused to print it without distortions and misrepresentations. Their editorial columns have had nothing but the bitterest denunciation of men and measures that threaten to upset in the smallest measure the present political and business control of the state. The labor unions and the Nonpartisan League particularly have felt the wrath of these papers.

Under the editorship of H. B. R. Briggs, the St. Paul Daily News has been run on a policy of printing the news, no matter whom it hurt. It has frequently run counter to liberal leaders in its editorial policy, but when there was a difference of opinion it was an honest difference, and liberals have felt, together with the general newspaper-reading public, that the opinions of the paper, under Mr. Briggs, were not bought—that the paper always took the course it thought right, and did not follow out any given policy because its advertisers, the political gang or the big business interests wanted that kind of policy.

Mr. Briggs is not a radical or a socialist. I believe the worst "ism" that can be justly attributed to him is "single tax"—he leans that way, but of course has not used the paper for single tax propaganda. He is just a liberal newspaper man with a high sense of the responsibility of a newspaper to the public, and with intellectual integrity which will not permit him to work for a publisher who insists on suppressing or distorting the news, or taking an editorial stand for other than what is honestly believed to be the public good.

But Mr. Briggs is now out! The News, which, under his direction, has been supporting the labor candidates for mayor and councilmen in St. Paul, is to oppose the labor ticket. The paper also, according to general belief, is to oppose the farmer-labor ticket for state office in Minnesota. The News under Mr. Briggs to date has been the only paper reporting without bias the activities of the farmer-labor forces.

In "resigning" Mr. Briggs told the News staff that he was leaving with the keenest regret, and added: "I know that this regret is shared by the owners of the Daily News, who are among my warmest personal friends. Whatever divergence there may be in our views as to methods, it does not in the slightest degree alter the mutual respect which exists between us as individuals."

That is all there is officially for publication, but these are the facts:

The labor ticket swept the city primaries in St. Paul a few weeks ago with tremendous pluralities. William Mahoney, president of the Working

People's Nonpartisan League of the state, led the primary ticket, and with L. C. Hodgson will go on the ballot for the May election. St. Paul big business and politicians are desperate. With the support of the News, Mahoney's election seemed certain. Shipstead for governor, and the other farmer-labor candidates for state office, have more than an even chance of capturing the state-wide Republican primaries in June. With one daily paper of general state-wide circulation printing the straight campaign news, the farmer-labor state ticket would win, and Briggs was printing the straight campaign news.

St. Paul business, with visions of "Bolshevik government and anarchy," has declared the city labor ticket "shall not pass." The bitterest and most intense campaign the city has ever seen is on. The state political gang has over a million dollars already subscribed to beat the farmer-labor state ticket. The state campaign promises to be the hottest in the history of Minnesota. All the daily papers of the big cities except the News have been opposing the reformers.

And now Briggs is out, on the eve of the St. Paul election and just when the state campaign is warming up! The News is to be "safe and sane." The city and state are to be saved at the eleventh hour! There is no free newspaper left in Minnesota!

Briggs did the almost impossible with the News. The paper is owned by the syndicate which also publishes the Minneapolis News and the Omaha News. Both these papers are "safe and sane," particularly the Minneapolis News, presided over by one W. A. Frisbie as editor. Despite the conservative owners, despite the fact the St. Paul News existed for profit, and that the big interests control the advertising, Briggs made the St. Paul News a state asset—a free paper. The Minneapolis News was not run on that plan, strange as it may seem, although it had the same owners. The Minneapolis News has been even more contemptible in its fight on the farmer-labor forces, for instance, than the Minneapolis Journal and the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Frisbie of the Minneapolis News becomes editor also of the St. Paul News.

Briggs built up nearly 80,000 circulation, largely among labor unions and farmer organizations, on the merit of the St. Paul News as a newspaper—true news and fair editorial opinion. Frisbie, with the Minneapolis News, has 25,000 to 50,000 less circulation, in a larger city than St. Paul—circulation obtained mostly by contests and premiums. Now Frisbie becomes editor in Briggs' place—a lesson for aspiring young newspaper men who are willing to be "good."

Nothing has ever happened in Minnesota newspaperdom that has made such a sensation. Everybody knows what has happened. The "big fellows" couldn't make Briggs "be good," through pressure brought by advertisers. They therefore turned to the non-resident owner of the News. Briggs quit rather than sell his soul for a mess of pottage. The people of the state owe him a great debt.

Among other things, this disappearance of the last progressive big daily in Minnesota means that the publication of the Minnesota Daily Star will be hurried—perhaps it can be got out during the campaign, to fill the breach left by the backsliding of the News. The Star, owned by a stock company of farmers and city workers, has its building finished and its machinery practically ready. It awaits a favorable paper contract to assure continuous publication. But if they can dethrone the most popular editor in the state and virtually destroy the circulation of one of the largest papers in the state (as will happen), can they not also find ways to see that the Star does not get paper?

Perhaps so—and again, perhaps not!

Missouri Politics

By Dudley Binks

I DON'T know which is more important in Missouri politics just now—the repudiation of Senator Reed by the Democratic convention at Joplin and the discomfiture of the wet elements in the party, or the murderous attack in last week's Boonville Advertiser by one "Henry S. Yancey" upon the memory of the late venerated Senator Stone. A spook comes in a seance and speaking through a medium in the name of John Alum Powderlee, expresses that person's regret for many things—the establishment of a fake pure food society, his desertion of Silver Dick Bland, at Chicago, in 1896, his pro-Germanism propaganda, etc. Then the spook of John Alum Powderlee recites a poem about an incident "when Frank wiped off the bar at Parle's with a thousand dollar bill." That reference is to Frank Farris, now running for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, who blew the Alum baking powder scandal, involving Stone and others about 1903. This brings up a lot of bad stuff that won't help the party a little bit. I don't know who "Henry S. Yancey" is, but I do know that ex-Governor Lon V. Stephens does occasionally write for the Boonville Advertiser. This stuff to which I refer is deadly politics. The Republicans won't do a thing but use it.

When Reed was rolled, the dry leader, Charles M. Hay engineered the rolling, but afterwards the Reed men joined with the wets and defeated Hay for delegate at large. He says he could have been chosen delegate if he would have let up on Reed. Now Hay is also a prospective candidate for the senatorial nomination. If he couldn't get elected delegate, how can he get the senatorial nomination? The answer is that the dries can nominate him. If they do, won't the wets and the Reed men defeat him in the election? I think yes. So if I were Hay I would stop trying.

Some people think that Reed's defeat for delegate-at-large put an end to Maj. Hawes' aspirations to the senatorship. I don't think so. The Major was not with Reed in his fight on the President. The Major is a wet. But he isn't an easy quitter. I see he's made president of a good roads organization to get a \$60,000,000 bond issue for good roads in Missouri. Well, I recall that Fred Gardner got the governorship by going over the state boosting a land bank. It may be Hawes can win a senatorship while campaigning for a \$60,000,000 bond issue. It's better stuff in the country than light wines and beer. Maj. Hawes may use it to get the senatorial nomination in 1923, to succeed Reed. I don't think Reed will run again.

I hear Wallace Crossley will not run for the governorship nomination. The Boonville Advertiser slam at Frank Farris will finish him off. Mayer went down and out with Reed. This leaves John Atkinson in the field. But George H. Moore will come in strong very soon, untangled with wets or dries. He's a more popular man than Atkinson. I look for him to win.

But who's to be the senatorial nominee? Breckenridge Long has it all to himself thus far. I wonder if Judge Graves is to come out for it. I see his picture big, on the front page of Charlie Hollister's paper at Jefferson City and Charlie don't front-page people without some good political reason.

Amnesty

WHEN and if the President starts to granting amnesty to political offenders he should first issue a pardon to himself, for he and his agents have more offended against political liberties since the war, than any other person or persons of record.



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Schumann-Heink	\$1.00
Fiddle and I—Gluck and Zimbalist	89093
	\$2.00

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Buddha—Peerless Quartet	18653
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If I Was as Strong as Samson—Gus Van	.85

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Letters from the People

Hot Stuff

839 West End Avenue, April 22.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

When William J. Bryan says that Senator Hitchcock worked for Wall street in opposing the Federal Reserve law currency bill, he lies, and he knows that he lies.

The Federal Reserve law was engineered by Wall Street, but, as was explained by the man who had charge of the campaign for it, there was an agreement that certain Wall Street interests should pretend to oppose the bill, as a bluff to make the scheme go down with the farmers.

Several years before the law was enacted, Irving T. Bush, a millionaire with Standard Oil affiliations, sought me out to ask my influence with a certain great farmers' organization, and I was taken by him to the office of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., where the plan for the Federal Reserve scheme was explained.

Incidentally I may mention that I rendered some valuable service to Mr. Bush, but when it came to the matter of payment, he welched, and I have never received a cent for my work.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM



The Stock Dividend Questions

Detroit, Mich., April 16, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In the way of comment on your March 11th editorial on the Stock-Dividend Decision, allow me to say that it is a far cry from the Dred Scott decision to the case referred to.

A share of stock is a paper division of a fictional unit of investment.

If you are playing poker and you ask the "bank" to give you five white chips for your red chip you do not figure a 400 per cent profit on the transaction. In what respect is a stock dividend different from the poker game?

Your editorial gives some reasons which I do not think are to the point. You say: "If stock is a dividend and a dividend is income, how can it be that the stock value is not income?" Cash dividends are wages for capital invested and are paid out of surplus. The capital is depreciated to the extent of the cash disbursement. A stock dividend does not depreciate the total capital because it is not actually paid out. This is the essential difference. If the capital is not paid out, why should it be taxed as income? It is not income.

To support your claim that a stock dividend is income you say that the stock may pay dividends and that banks lend money on it. Both statements are true. However, banks will not lend any more on the stock than a certain proportion of the value which the individual share of stock has to the assets back of the stock. When a stock dividend is paid out the stock has a bankable value reduced in proportion to the amount of the dividend. Where a cash dividend is paid the cash value of the cash dividend is always the face value. The cash value of the stock is inversely proportional to the number of shares outstanding. It is true that stock distributed in the form of dividends may pay cash dividends, but there is

no reason why the same cash disbursement might not be made on the original stock only. In either case there would be the same income tax paid.

You say the decision throws more of the burden of taxation on the poor people. This is true only to the extent that there is a refund of taxes on stock dividends already paid, which, according to the Secretary of the Treasury, is a very inconsiderable sum.

In the language of Bill Haywood, you say the decision "lets the rich bugs" out of paying taxes and lets them tax the public on a valuation of stock on which they (the rich bugs) pay no tax. This is distinctly not true. When stock dividends are paid they are generally paid out of surplus. In the accumulation of surplus it is taxed "good and plenty" by the Government—part of it might be taxed as high as 80 per cent. When dividends from this surplus are paid in the form of cash to the "rich bugs" they may again be taxed as high as 65 per cent of the balance. Does this let the "rich bugs" out without taxation?

A tax on stock dividends is a capital tax as has been held by the Supreme Court. It is, so far, not legal to levy a capital tax under the income tax law.

If REEDY'S MIRROR is a corporation in which the editor owns all the stock (which I will say consists of one share), and if through raising the subscription rate to \$4.00 per year it has accumulated a large surplus (on which I will hope the corporation income tax has been paid), and if the editor, wishing to divide ownership with his wife, issues to himself as the sole stockholder a stock dividend of one share, does the editor feel that he has increased his wealth by 100 per cent? If he does, why not issue 10 shares and increase his wealth 1000 per cent? Why work for a living? Why not hire a printing press?

J. F. G. MILLER

For Brand Whitlock

Chicago, April 16, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

You are nearly always right, but you were never righter than in your advocacy of Brand Whitlock for the Democratic nomination for the presidency. The only objection I can see to his nomination this year is that so far as I can observe, nobody is going to vote the Democratic ticket this fall, and it seems hardly right to slaughter so good a man.

However, there is little likelihood of his nomination this time. The campaign for him now may result in his nomination in 1924. He is the only real Democrat that I know of who is big enough to stand as a leader.

W. H. HOLLY

Another "Hand"

Alpine, N. J., April 16, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Thanks for your article "Brand Whitlock for President" in the last MIRROR. I could vote for him with pleasure, and hope some party will see to it that he is nominated. Your article will please many people I am sure.

C. V. NORTHROP

Black Horror on the Palatinate

Baltimore, Md., April 20th, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

It is stated in the news that the French have stationed thousands of negro troops in the Rhine province and the Palatinate. There are, I believe, something like 30,000 of them in the area occupied under the Peace Treaty. The bulk of these men, let it be well understood, are primitives, some of them torn from their homes under circumstances which compelled the resignation of the Governor-General of French West Africa.

Two or three weeks ago we read that a critical situation impended because Germans had fired on French black troops in the occupied territory. The event seemed to threaten an outbreak of general hostilities.

The Rt. Rev. J. G. Mythen, D. CC., Vicar Apostolic of the eastern diocese of the Western Orthodox Church (American Catholic), 131 Bible House, Astor Place, New York, wrote a letter under date of April 14th to the French Ambassador at Washington, calling that functionary's attention to "the appalling news set forth on that day by the Universal News Service in a clipping from the New York American. The clipping referred to the presence of negro troops in the territory referred to above. The letter continues:

"It is incredible that the account given by Mr. Dillon in his book, 'The Inside Story of the Peace Conference,' revealing the immorality officially forced by French army regulations upon the hapless population of the occupied territory, should be thus verified and surpassed in the account read this morning by some millions of Americans and seemingly vouched for by a Frenchman and an Englishman.

"It would be tragic for Americans who have served in the late war to realize that their contribution to the success of the Allied victory should result in the turning loose of negroes upon helpless white women."

The letter is approved by J. E. Lloyd, Archbishop and Primate of the United States. The protest is an official one from that church. It says further: "Unless this news is contradicted, especially in the Southern states, no greater damage could be done to the friendly relations now existing between the French and American republics."

E. D. Morel, a British publicist, commenting on this condition, in a London paper, says:

"Barbarism *per se* is no crime, and no subject for opprobrium. The crime is that of those who train barbarism for scientific slaughter, and who thrust barbarians—barbarians belonging to a race inspired by Nature, and for good reason, with tremendous sexual instincts—into the heart of Europe. The marvel is that the abhorrence which this policy is creating does not find more frequent expression. Imagine what our feelings would be in England if conquering Germany were garrisoning Welsh towns and villages with levies from the Kamerun and German East Africa.

"Now, the garrisoning of European towns and of a European countryside with black barbarians must entail cer-

tain consequences. * * * Given the presence of this factor in the life of the Palatinate, the natural effects must follow. For four years these West African levies have been killing white men on behalf of other white men in Europe. That action will presently be paid for by all white men from one end of Africa to the other. Now that the war is over, to the folly is added the evil of quartering these people upon communities of the same Europeans whom they have been slaughtering and been slaughtered by. Who can doubt the results? * * *

"Black troops cannot be confined to barracks any more than white troops can be, and we know what black troops roaming the countryside must mean. The concentration of masses of black troops in towns means that brothels must be provided, and it has been stated that the municipalities of the Palatinate towns have been compelled to establish and maintain them for this purpose. To the hardships, disorders and humiliations incidental to the occupation of a conquered country by foreign troops, is being added, in time of peace, a terror which cannot be adequately described."

Does this sort of thing make for a softening of racial and national antagon-

ism in Germany? The Allies demand that Germany shall carry out the terms of the peace treaty. Does the presence of these black troops among the Germans, with the dread of such horrors as those referred to, tend to make the Germans more reconciled to their lot, readier to do what the Allies insist upon? Is it not possible, or even probable that exasperated Germans would turn to the Spartacides and Bolsheviks and make common cause with them, rather than live under the fear and dread of such things as are here hinted at? Have we not read and heard of uneasiness in our own South over the attitude of black soldiers returned from Europe with a new sense of importance and of power? Is this part of that peace of justice we were going to give to Germany? Need one labor this point further? If such things can be, then truly the peace is worse than the war. They will create much sympathy in America for the German people. The American public would like to know if President Wilson approves of such things. Is it not time that we should enter protest against such an abomination?

ARBA D. CARNEY



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- Water Pitchers of sterling silver, in plain, Colonial and chaste designs, range in price from - - - - - \$60.00 to \$246.00
- Sterling Silver Candlesticks, in Colonial style, 8½ inches in height, \$19.00 the pair; 11½ inches, the pair - - - - - \$36.00
- Bud Vases, in graceful design, range from - - - - - \$7.00 to \$10.00
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9th & Locust

He Likes Wood on Wilson

Plattsmouth, Nebr., April 15, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

For the enclosed 15 cents would you kindly mail me a copy of the *MIRROR* for March 25, 1920? The article in the number on Woodrow Wilson is one of the best things I have seen printed, and I want a copy of it. This article should be printed in pamphlet form and circulated thoroughly.

J. M. LEYDA

She Likes Darrow on Woodrow

St. Louis, Mo., April 17.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Enclosed please find 10 cents for which please send me extra copy of this week's *MIRROR* containing article on Wilson by Clarence Darrow. Nothing could be finer.

CATHERINE POSTELLE JONES

The K. of C. and Lafayette

1225 Harvard Street,

Washington, D. C., April 5, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Dr. John G. Coyle's explanation of the statue of Lafayette at Metz is cour-

teous and convincing. Patriotism pure and simple has inspired the Catholic lay order to honor a man who, they acknowledge, renounced and denounced the religion which they have been organized to protect and defend. The Knights of Columbus make no attempt to claim Lafayette as a co-religionist, which, of course, he was not, after his twentieth year, and was, on the contrary, one of the brightest flowers which the Masons culled from the Pope's garden. The reunion of all the Christian churches is not so far off after all, if Dr. Coyle speaks with authority. The Knights are to be congratulated on their courage and their open-mindedness. One hopes they will not get into trouble with the reactionaries among their Bishops and that the less liberal French clergy, who appear to be much affronted by this Lafayette affair, cannot prejudice the Roman authorities against these sturdy Americans. But a rumor goes here that the laity have rules of their own under a recent decree and that the hierarchy is not all-powerful as it was. The Knights prove this, since it is known that opposition developed to the Lafayette statue on the plea that the noble champion of American freedom was a

"renegade" Catholic, and their decision is in effect to the bishops to put up any statue which pleases them but not to interfere in organization politics of the influential and opulent lay order. The point about President Roosevelt is not well taken by Dr. Coyle, since no politician of the accomplishments of the late Colonel would have acted other than he did, on this school question in the Philippines. Besides, all the policy was framed by that broad and judicial statesman, William Howard Taft, then governor of the islands. If a debt be owing by Catholics on the score of the Philippine settlement, it is due to Taft and not to Roosevelt. The debt which this nation owes to Lafayette was not questioned in my previous letter. It was a query as to the reasons which led the Knights of Columbus to honor Lafayette at Metz, and Dr. Coyle's reply is eminently satisfactory. It is always an exhilarating study to learn what motives inspire a group of men in honoring other men by a public statue. There are many statues, sitting, standing, reclining, in this Capital City of the United States which admit of no explanation at all.

M. L. WATKINS.

Radicals Then and Now*Editor of Reedy's Mirror:*

New York, April 16, 1920.

On my travels recently I stopped at Mt. Vernon. The place is perfect: but the thing that hit me hardest was the fact that Washington had the courage to risk so much. It was like John D. joining forces today with the I. W. W. One appreciates more the meaning of "our fortunes" in the immortal phrase, when he has seen Mt. Vernon. And it is a curious thing that all the men of our early period who are remembered with respect must have been classed as radicals by their contemporaries. Curious, I mean, considering the present social attitude towards the radical.

N. A. D.

Fable and Fact

Bienfait, Sask., Canada,

April 1, 1920.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Two prosperous farmers got into a dispute over the ownership of a calf whose market value was \$2.50. Being unable to settle the dispute they each secured the services of a lawyer skilled in the law, and as a result, a law suit became a necessity.

Before suit was brought to trial the two attorneys, well versed in the law, held a conference, and said one, "Here are two fat, well-feathered geese; you pick one and I will pick the other," and it was so agreed. After the various suits were pulled off, two lawyers each had a good farm, and each one had a very lean, thoroughly picked goose as a tenant.

There may have been a basis for this fable, but there are others of the non-producing element, and in Ireland, for instance, in order to live off the producing class and divert attention from themselves, they find ways to keep the Catholics and Protestants in a turmoil, that they may utilize their energy against one another while their pockets are being picked and the real cause of their trouble is to them undiscovered.

This same class, through the application of psychology, bring about hatred between the peoples of different nationalities, which comes out in protective tariff talk and also divides the peoples of each nation, so this non-producing class have easy sailing. There are always two or more sets in this class, it being arranged in advance that all shall be straw men but one set.

Next on the list of things that these smooth people divide us on that they may ride smooth is, "wet or dry?" For long I barked up the wet side of the tree and then it came to me from somewhere that there was no game up the tree for me. There are yet many wets fighting the good fight, and as many dries opposing them.

In the land of my native heath they are divided on many other lines, and one of them is "the color line." I also "fell for this," for long. We have to give credit to the agents of the founders of universities and libraries (God forbid they should be called educational: they are to prepare the student for the sucker mind) for handing us prejudices in such a smooth way that we actually believe they are our own, and keep us divided against ourselves, one set of rainbow

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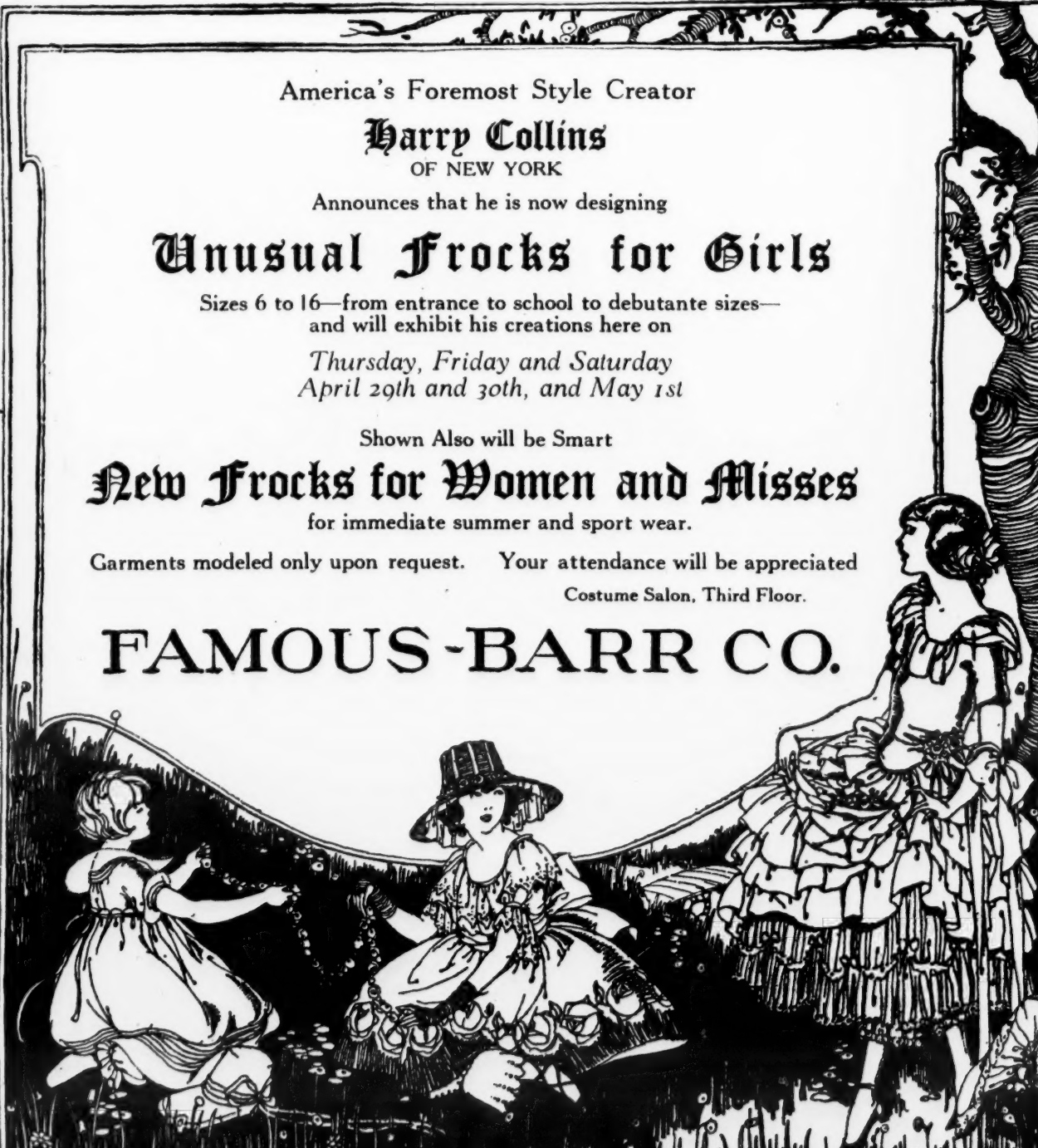
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chasers going in one direction, another in another direction, while they gather the *peso* so elusive to us divided, very thin, thoroughly picked geese.

BIL TUBBS

Financing Public Improvements

Long Branch, N. J., Apr. 12th.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I was recently asked whether municipalities did not usually, under present tax practice, get back funds expended for improvements by reason of increased taxable values, the inference being that taxing details are of no particular importance.

My answer was that the question itself showed that the questioner did not realize the fog he was immersed in. The real question is not whether municipalities can borrow money and expend it for substantial improvements and collect taxes to pay off the indebtedness. They certainly can. But under present taxing practice municipalities cannot collect, out of increased values caused by improvements, the funds with which to amortize the debt incurred.

Let us suppose that Long Branch borrows a million dollars with which to make street and other improvements, and that there follows, as a result of natural laws, an increase in location values in the city of one and a half million dollars. It will take some time for assessors to visualize this increase, but, for the sake of the argument, we will assume that immediately one million dollars are added to the assessment roll. If the tax rate is 3 per cent, the city will receive \$30,000 annually additional on increased location values. It will pay 5 per cent for the money it borrowed, we will say, for thirty years, and a sinking fund will be needed. The total yearly charge for thirty years will approximate \$60,000. The city will collect \$30,000 a year. It will lose absolutely \$30,000 a year for thirty years, unless it collects money in taxes from some other source than the values created by the public improvements here considered. Moreover, inasmuch as the \$30,000 taxes it will collect will be foreseen and discounted by possible purchasers and in the general real estate market, it must be noted that no part of the million and a half increased values will really be drawn upon to pay for the improvements. This increment will be clear "velvet" to owners, by and large. They can mortgage or otherwise dispose of it; they can move to new fields of exploitation, and do the same thing over again, leaving other people in the municipality to carry and dispose of the burden as best they may.

My questioner is a bright young lawyer, recently elected to the State Senate, and apparently really trying to understand economic questions that he now more than ever comes into contact with. It would be interesting to know what are his conclusions after he considers the argument here set forth. Will he again attempt to excuse the present taxing system on the ground that, with all its faults, it really enables great public improvements to be accomplished and the funds to be obtained with a reasonable approach to justice?

GEORGE WHITE.

Chubbana For a Celibate Presidency

Fond du Lac, Wis., April 12.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

It must grieve all persons whose moral sense is not obtunded by the impact upon their physical senses of the evidences of the success of the World, the Flesh and the Devil, in these days, to read, in papers so disparate as *Collier's Weekly* and the *San Francisco Argonaut*, intimations, insinuations and direct statements to the effect that the explanation of the fading away of government in this land is to be found in the fact that the administration functions chiefly through Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt Wilson, in the White House.

This certainly explains administrative tenderness for discontent, or at least a disinclination to deal forcibly with it. There is too much toleration for the activities of people like the yardmen and switchmen on the railroads who refuse to be content with the place in the world to which the Lord their God has assigned them. Those people should be put down. The railroads and other great properties have been committed to the care of God-fearing men, who are concerned to maintain law and order. The government should support them. There was but one woman in the White House who used her influence in support of the great moral issue, prohibition. That was Lucy Hayes. She would permit no wine upon her table. The women of the White House have been obsessed by high Society on the one hand and by mistaken sympathy for the discontented on the other.

What I would suggest, sir, is that this be remedied by a constitutional amendment providing that only celibates can be eligible for the presidency. This would make an end of the excuse—"the woman tempted me."

We know the secret springs of the power of woman over man. It is in what we now euphemistically call sex. It is evil. We cannot risk the domination of desire, however disguised, even in marriage, over the ruler set in power over us. A celibate president would be immune. We would not be hearing of Mrs. President being considered as an influence favorable to the pardoning of evil persons and agitators like Eugene V. Debs and Kate Richards O'Hare. Nor should we have to combat the theory that the influence of the President's wife made him yield to the blandishments of the representatives of society in its highest formal manifestation at Paris.

I say nothing as to the truth of these rumors from the capital. The rumors demonstrate a possibility we should avert.

Now that women have the vote we should offset women's power by removing future Presidents from their insidious influence in the intimacy of domesticity. I know I shall be told that a constitutional amendment such as I propose will be useless, seeing that women will some day be elected presidents. This will never be. We shall never see a woman President of the United States. Heaven will not permit it. Imagine a woman President! If married, her husband would control her. If unmarried—it is appalling to contemplate what

that would mean. It makes me vision that Babylon of "Revelations."

So it might be well to put into the amendment I propose for none but celibate Presidents, a clause barring women, married or single, from that office. The primary consideration is security.

ELMER CHUBB, LL.D., Ph.D.

✱

From the Stagyrites

(Telegram)

New York, April 20th, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Stop press for big scoop. Author of Chubb letters is none other than Franklin P. Adams, who puts the "con" in "The Conning Tower" in the *Tribune*, this city.

(Collect.)

DON MARQUIS

✱

(Telegram)

New York, April 20th, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Confidential Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph. D. is Don Marquis who does the "Sun Dial" "colyum" in N. Y. Evening *Sun*. Note textual similarities in Chubb style and that of Hermione. And if you don't believe me, ask H. L. Mencken but don't *Uebermenschen* my name.

(Collect.)

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

✱

Cranial Test

Boston, Mass.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Your correspondent who alleges that Elmer Chubb, Ph. D., LL.D., is W. J. Bryan, is mistaken. The turgid style, the high moral sentiments, the platitudes about Christian statesmanship, the hatred of all things above his middle-class mental comprehension, stamp the author of the Chubb letters as none other than Dr. Frank Crane.

IVAN McWHID.

✱

Discovered Again

120 Prospect Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Your correspondents who have been guessing as to the author of the Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph. D., letters are all wrong. The personality behind the Chubb letters and sonnets is unquestionably that of John S. Philips, formerly associated with S. S. McClure in the publication of *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Philips is a native of the Spoon River district of Illinois, and unlike his sinful former partner, Sam McClure, is highly moral and most respectable. He is a poet of no mean order, and his work in exposing the depravity and the indecencies of Edgar Lee Masters is a labor of love.

Mr. Philips' advocacy of prohibition is due to his wide acquaintance with many promising young men who might have done something worth while were it not for liquor, but who, under prohibition, do not amount to a single damn.

AINSLY W. BOGGS

✱

None But Himself

Bosky Dell, Mo., April 1, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

How can your readers bring themselves to believe that the adorable Elmer Chubb is any other person than—Elmer

Swope Footwear

for men, women and children combines quality, style, distinction and value to a high degree.



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Any Reader of REEDY'S MIRROR

who is willing to sell his copy of November 20, 1919, will confer a favor by communicating with the Legislative Reference Bureau of the State of Vermont, Montpelier, Vt.

Chubb? As for me, I think he's just too sweet for words, yet think of the words he scatters around, to say nothing of those he garners into sonnets! According to my little red dictionary of Christian names, the meaning of *Elmer* seems to be, "formidably bright," or "a torch." What *Chubb* may mean none can say with certainty, but a friend of mine who has a cold in his head insists that it is identical in sound and meaning with "chump." But whatever or whoever *Elmer* seems like to others, to me he is and ever shall be Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph. D.

KITTY CLYDE.

Can It Be?

East Aurora, N. Y., April 12th.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Unless I am greatly mistaken the author of the Elmer Chubb, Ph. D. LL.D., letters is the Rev. Bolton Hall, of New York City. The sincere piety, the abhorrence of immorality in literature and art, the devotion to prohibitory laws as a means of stamping out sin, all point unerringly to Mr. Hall.

Readers of Mr. Hall's books will have no difficulty in finding many passages expressing the same lofty moral sentiments as those so beautifully phrased by Chubb.

ALI BABA 2ND.

Chortling at Him

Los Angeles, Cal., April 7th, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

I have never written to an editor before in my life, but I don't see why I can't, if Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D. can and does.

A member of our locally admired Friday Morning Club reviewed last Tuesday the humor of the month. How Dr. Chubb's letter of February 6th escaped her I cannot understand.

"This republic to endure must be a moral republic (granted). It can only be so through compelling the citizens to be religious."—(Signed) Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D.

If it had been signed Frank Baker or John Smith it might not have challenged my attention, but surely you, too, must have smiled over a name like Elmer Chubb, and as if Elmer Chubb were not sufficient identification he adds such letters as LL.D. and Ph.D. It would take the whole multitudinous alphabet incarnadine to add dignity to Chubb, and Elmer Chubb.

As for the issue, it recalls a scene I witnessed when two of my boys were five and three. The older boy inherited

his father's Senior Warden temperament and took to High Church ritual as the younger one did to candy. This is what I heard and peeked in the window to see. Fred, the three-year-old, singing a Christmas carol light-heartedly—"Alone in a manger—no crib for a bed—the little Lord Jesus laid down his fair head," and Jack with the fierce righteousness of the Crusaders saying "Bow your head at Little Lord Jesus," and then when Fred refused, either from indolence or perverseness, to bow his head Jack rushed upon him and entangling his fingers in Fred's curls threw his five years' sturdy weight upon him, and Fred's head was bowed.

That bit of religious tyranny was successful, but how, I ask you as man to man, is one Elmer Chubb going to bow the necks of a whole moral republic?

I have a corner of my library reserved for guests who have my particular brand of humor. Elmer Chubb will certainly take precedence over "Three Men in a Boat," "The Invalid's Store" of Mark Twain, "The Bishop's Comedy," by Leonard Merrick, and many others. I do hope you will always admit into your valued columns Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D.

MOIRA DECRAE.

The Muse Takes a Hand

April 18, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

This is how the shade of the late Mr. Mantalini reacts to your meritorious contributor, Mr. Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D.:

Unto my mind
Of all mankind
The demdest dub
Is Elmer Chubb.

OUIJA.
E. R. C.

Joint and Concurrent

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D., is a combination of the subliminal selves of Walter Lippmann, Francis Hackett, Charles Harrison Towne and Harold Bell Wright, made manifest over a ouija board operated by Hamilton Holt and Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. I don't have to prove it. It proves itself.

LUCIUS O'TRIGGER

Sheburnean

New York City, April 22nd.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Paul Elmer More—it is indeed he who masquerades under the name Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D. Note the flavor of Platonism and St. Augustinism in the thought and the expression. Is there a prize for this correct answer? Send it on. I need the money.

OTTO H. KAHN

Dogmatic

Urbana, Ills., Apr. 23rd.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Roy McCardell, author of "The Jarr Family," is Chubb. *Ex pede Herculem.* Also *Jacta alea est.*

STUART P. SHERMAN

Books of the Day

By Lilian Cassels

A curious story, indeed, is "The Swing of the Pendulum," by Adriana Spadoni. This author's warm-sounding Italian name hints a hope of fascinating mysteries to be met in her novel, like those seen fleetingly in the eyes of cooing *bambinos*, who tumble from hills to salt tide flats near San Francisco's Barbary Coast, where the story begins. Because she assumes convincingly that *Jean* is worth nearly six hundred pages of analysis, readers search through the book from the tale's beginning to its end hoping to unearth *Jean's* charm. *Jean*, Miss Spadoni's publishers would have us believe, is an embodiment of the great longing that seethes through femininity today:

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the day for the morrow;
The longing for something afar—

But, in spite of the years of meticulous living through which *Jean* is dragged (she never moves by reason of her own arms and legs and vivacity; always on the spirit-wings of her creator the author) she seems never to have a regular warm, honest-to-God emotion. She is cold, not with the icy splendor that thaws under sunshine, but with the gelid



THE MAY SALE OF WHITE



Monday, May 3, marks the beginning of our annual May Sale of White. At this time Blouses and Lingerie will be offered at very economic prices.

The Blouses we are presenting seem to touch the apex of what is desirable in a Spring-time Lingerie Blouse. Fresh, crisp and clever in design, many of them show the delightfully effective results of fine hand needlework.

Lingerie of flesh color, as well as white, forms a part of this selling. Undergarments of all types and degrees of elaborateness are generously displayed.

The May Sale long ago established a reputation for excellent merchandise at very flattering prices. This year's selling will demonstrate these facts even more satisfactorily than those of the past.

STIX, BAER & FULLER

GRAND-LEADER

atmosphere of a cellar. She does nothing particularly noble, nothing interestingly wicked; she is "neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring." Miss Spadoni has worked so hard, so faithfully, so painstakingly, so sincerely, with such a wealth of evident joy in her task, trying to give Jean a body of life—the reader feels baffled by his inability to sense Jean's livingness. Page after page the hope continues. Jean goes through beauty that should have awakened thrills in a jellyfish; through life that must have aroused passion in an anchorite; but her feelings never come up to Miss Spadoni's effort to interpret them. As to the men in the story—wait till you hear about Herrick!

Jean raced, young as youth and splendidly healthy (she was twenty-three), with her first sweetheart against the sea-winds along the Pacific sands at night, and then nestled with him in rocky coves beside flames of driftwood, while he recited for her fantasies of poetry. She married this sweetheart, and after two years of playful intimacy, during which Jean occasionally sunk so low as to kiss her husband's cheek, this is what happened: "Herrick's voice broke and he groped for Jean with trembling hands. His breath came hot against her cheek as he seized her in his arms and crushed her mouth against his. 'Prove it—prove it.' * * * With all her force she tried to push him away. But, blind with his long suppression, Herrick only held her closer. Not till the edge of his hunger had been dulled did his hold loosen. Taking Jean's chin in his hand, he turned her face up. Instantly his arms dropped. 'Well, we're married, aren't we?'"

"If that's marriage, no," Jean stepped back out of range of this thing that had taken every scrap of her self-respect and ripped it off as if it were a cloak. Herrick * * * leaned his forehead against the cold glass. He had acted like a brute, but it didn't matter. * * * He had shocked Jean, but that didn't matter either. * * * She tried to read, but the words made no sense. * * * It was as if murder had been committed in the room."

Well, Jean finds after three years of this that Herrick (he waited almost as long as even Jean could have expected) has trifled with Kitten-Cat, a woman out of his past. Jean, sickened at such perfidy, goes away to New York and drowns her sorrow in social service. Then through hollow years of organized charity Jean moves along her drab way. At last she is permitted to fall in love; she is around thirty-two or so. The man she loves has a wife, too; a lovely woman who, Miss Spadoni says, is frivolous. There doesn't seem to be anything the matter with Margaret as a wife. But her husband loves Jean, and one hopes at last to see Jean come out of her prison of words.

But again Jean's emotions must be accepted, because we are told she has them; she does indeed make many stolen excursions with her lover to hidden spots; but the love never comes alive, nor penetrates the charmingly composed pages. Bye-and-bye this romance comes to its end. After more years of her interminable social service, Jean meets another man who also loves her. Jean feels for him the same sort of palliated affec-

tion she gave Herrick. Yet, in spite of her having run so far to escape this poor marriage, she is constrained to beg the third lover for the same kind of flat, dead companionship, although he has already turned away from the thought of such a travesty on marriage. The story ends with his reluctant acceptance of Jean's proposal.

This is "The Swing of the Pendulum." It swings in so long and sad an arc, it is depressing to believe Jean got nothing out of the solemn tick-tock. But if she did, that something is distressingly intangible. Certainly not love; not accomplishment. Does not Jean herself say wearily: "We spend thousands in keeping alive the fact that Mrs. Jones got half a ton of coal last month?" From these publishers, too (Boni and Liveright) readers have grown to expect stories that satisfy


In direct contrast to the lifelessness of poor Jean, Ellen Glasgow in "The Builders" has told delightfully a story that

has for its dominant character a woman whom Miss Glasgow makes flawless in her exquisite selfishness. So clear is the characterization that Angelica (for her real name is Anna Jeanette, but she chooses one more in harmony with her heavenly beauty) almost speaks aloud. So well do readers understand her soft but inexorable determination to have what she wants that there is scarcely regret, even, when the end of the story finds her taking possession of the man whom everyone else (including Caroline and the man, too) wanted for Caroline. This man, by the way, is Angelica's husband, David Blackwell, whom she had left, after having tricked him into a scene staged to make her world believe he was false to her with Caroline, who is her child's governess, and who had up to that time been one of Angelica's most ardent adorers. At the end of this act Angelica falls, "like a broken flower," at her husband's feet, and thereupon plans a divorce that she may marry Alan Wythe, stolen by dint of her diabolical innocence from her sister. Alan

died—happily for Alan—before having to pay in marriage with Angelica the penalty for his falsity. So Angelica comes back to David (next richer than Alan) just when everyone thought he was comfortably rid of her.

Consistently, persistently, through all her life, Angelica used the Madonna-like quality of her beauty to delude her acquaintances into believing her spiritual graces were even greater than her physical perfection. And she managed this with such skill that, with a husband chivalrous and fine, her entire social world believed him a brute. Angelica loved herself as a stained-glass angel patiently enduring martyrdom which was non-existent.

All Miss Glasgow's characters are vital and real. The portrait of Angelica is the more remarkable because so finely painted; but each one in the story shows exceptional skill in portrayal. Caroline wins instant love with her winsome courage; taciturn, ugly Mrs. Timberlake is a jewel of consistency; and little Letty is an odd, endearing sprite, tragically



After Dinner,

when the men go into the library to talk business and swap stories, and the gray smoke of after-dinner cigars hangs like a mist over the easy chairs, nothing looks more home-like or attractive than the soft gleam of silverware in the lamplight radiating like the smile of hospitality itself.

Water in a silver pitcher, cigarettes in a silver box, cigars on a silver tray, the picture of a wife or daughter in a silver frame; coffee, perhaps served in the library from a charming silver service—these things lend to the room something of the spirit and the sparkle that a good story lends to the conversation.

For the library or any man's room there is a wide selection of Sterling Silverware.

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SEVENTH & ST. CHARLES

marred in the making by *Angelica's* unwillingness to bear her.

When Miss Glasgow wrote "The Battle Ground" some ten years ago—Miss Glasgow, thought by a wide circle of gentle Southern readers to be a veritable Rock of Gibraltar in delicacy and trustworthiness—some of her admirers "sat up and took notice;" for in this book she disclosed ideas that were startling, to say the least; revolutionary, even, some of her critics called her. This story had to do with topics not frequently mentioned in polite Southern drawing rooms; and it was a moot point in many guarded homes whether "The Battle Ground" was fit reading for those tender maids who had hitherto dipped into Miss Glasgow's books *ad libitum*. And, while discussion waged hot, Miss Glasgow gained a host of new readers, without losing many old ones. In "The Builders," she shows she has added another set of traditions to the dustheap, for here she dares to attack in no uncertain tone the bitter sectionalism which has lain for a generation curled close to the Southern man's (and woman's) love of country.

David Blackburn is a thoughtful, successful man, who becomes a leader in his state. He dreams his ideal Americanism into tangible political form, and

gives his heart and soul to the task of exchanging for this Americanism the old spirit of the Solid South which he felt had divided his loved Virginia from the United States through many bitter misunderstanding years. The expression of his ideals in talks throughout the book gives it a basis of substantial value. Miss Glasgow shows depths of understanding of the problem of the South, and indeed of the entire country, during wartime, that are illuminating. There is a fine lofty truthfulness in the patriotism she paints; it is patriotism that will not consent to an instant's doubt that America must come cleanly through the black days which accompany a world-war and its aftermath. Though there may be no tangible solution of problems in her words, yet her spiritualized faith in the democracy that "shall not die" is so sound and so wholesome one must derive new tranquility from reading her book. (Doubleday Page and Company.)

One cannot become serious about Henry C. Rowland and his high-brow crooks; yet he is enchanting, and at times clever, with them and with the characters embroiled in their machinations, who usually say witty things, wear good clothes, and conduct themselves respectably.

Patricia of the gang of *Chu-Chu the Shearer*—*Patricia*, the *Sandow-de-luxe* of the old gang—*Patricia*, the mocking malicious, fairy-like tigress, is the villainess-errand of "Duds." Our old friend "The Sultana," wonderful blue-white diamond, also shows up, and beautiful, uncanny *Patricia* is foiled again in her international jewel-smuggling exploits, as heretofore. *Phineas Appleton Plunkett*, beautiful and known by his friends as "*Phoebe*," a fond diminutive of *Phoebus Apollo*, is the knight who unhorses *Patricia* in "Duds." *Olga*, with childlike Slavic beauty, and *Olga's* father, *Karakoff*, who becomes involved in the smuggling schemes of the crooks, while smarting under a brainstorm of sympathy with his Russia, which he believes unfairly treated by American and the Allies, are the reasons for *Phoebe's* cavalier cleverness.

It is as impossible to review at length such entertainment in print as it is to describe the tang of a luscious Arizona green olive, a Mississippi tangerine, or a forbidden dry martini. A matter of personal taste, after all—olives, tangerines, martinis, Henry Rowland's novels. One remembers only pleasure derived at the moment of contact. One peculiar fact stands out—Mr. Rowland doesn't plunge into his thrilling tales. He goes pains-

takingly about them, apologetically, even; but he has put his foot in it, and he must go on. Suddenly, at third or fourth chapter, he strikes a breeze, throws off formality, remembering that things have been introduced properly, and away he sails, with his cargo. Odd, bright faces leap from the cushions of his white-sailed careening yacht; faces, some of them, painted with a brush which hits only the high spots, like Albert Bloch's portraits at the Artists' Guild; and the race is on. "Duds" ends happily for *Olga* and *Olga's* father and *Phoebe*. And that's enough. (Harper and Brothers.)

♦♦♦

New French Books

Pierre Hamp has added to the unending literature of the World War a highly detailed study of labor conditions in France from 1914 to 1919. "*Les Metiers Blessés*" will stand in good stead the ambitious historian who thinks to bring down to the minute Levasseur's "History of the European Working Classes." M. Hamp's book affords a comprehensive bird's-eye view of the amazing revolution brought about by the mobilization of the world's man power for the trenches and the unavoidable industrialization of woman to produce the materials required for warfare on a scale

Vote for St. Louis!

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Purchase of parks and playgrounds	1,385,500
Improvement of parks.....	1,174,500
Municipal Auditorium and Community Building.....	900,000
Reconstruction and extension of public sewers	2,575,000
River des Peres.....	9,000,000
Municipal farm	400,000
Insane farm	1,100,000
Municipal Bridge	1,500,000
Municipal docks	1,700,000
Street openings	1,250,000
New engine houses.....	360,000
Industrial farm	156,000
Additional cells in city jail.....	76,000
Morgue	68,000
Municipal garage	90,000
Reconstruction of streets.....	360,000
Lighting	1,000,000
Total	\$24,000,000

**"Vote—and Get a Voter—
for the Bond Issue"**

This is a call to help your city—your home—where you live and make your living.

St. Louis must either go forward or backward. It cannot stand still. The Municipal Bond Issue means progress for St. Louis.

The bonded debt of St. Louis is \$19,064,000. Cleveland has a bonded indebtedness of \$87,411,222. Detroit has \$38,115,984. Boston has \$130,182,745. These cities are our closest rivals.

Can St. Louis successfully compete against these cities for industry, commerce and population unless we vote bonds for permanent improvements to keep pace with modern municipal progress?

A SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE of members selected by business and civic organizations will supervise the expenditure of the bond issue funds on behalf of the public. The members are well known men of established reputation, and give assurance that the money will be economically expended.

Some of the things the bond issue will accomplish for St. Louis are:

It will abolish dangerous grade crossings.

It will reconstruct old, worn-out and overcrowded sewers, and give St. Louis a modern sewer system.

It will make possible an electric street lighting system, instead of the present gas lights.

It will harness the River des Peres, and remove it as a flood menace, open sewer, and standing danger to health.

It will give St. Louis a convention hall, municipal auditorium and Community Center building for public gatherings and local meetings.

It will repair city streets, open, widen and extend highways, and construct cut-offs to facilitate traffic and safeguard pedestrians.

It will build wading pools, provide more playgrounds and give better equipment for the ones we now have—for the kiddies.

It will replace old fire engine houses and motorize the Fire Department.

It will connect the free bridge with the municipal belt line, and make possible the development of a new industrial district in the River des Peres Valley duplicating the great Union boulevard industrial section.

This is YOUR bond issue. How much does your home city mean to you? Put the question squarely to yourself. Answer by your vote.

Election May 11. Polls open 6 a. m. to 7 p. m.

Vote YES by scratching NO.

Citizens' Municipal Bond Committee.

of magnitude never before dreamed possible. The permanent tenure of industrial employments by women, and the entrained effects of voluntary sterility, infant mortality, wage-scale changes, altered working conditions, competition with men in their hitherto exclusive trades—all these, and many other significant factors come in for discussion. The book is not well documented, in a statistical way, yet contains many figures and comparisons of value to the future historian of the great revolution we are passing through at the moment—a revolution in which the World War played an important, but incidental part. (Paris: *Nouvelle Revue Française*, 1919, Brentanos, New York.)

Nicolas Beauduin, director of *La Vie des Lettres* and one of the leading paroxysms of France during the pre-war period, has come back to the civil life after four or five years as a *poilu*. His reaction to peace after being immured in the mud of the Meuse, to judge from his new volume of "Songs and Lilts" (*Chants et Rythmes*) is one of ebullient and vernal joy. In the form of a pastoral masque M. Beauduin sings the paeon of victory for man and nature. Some Beauduinesque paroxysms and much classic verse will be found encrusted on the fabric of a refreshing poem. (Paris: *La Vie des Lettres*, Rue de Chartres, Neuilly, 1920.)

Passing It On

By Charles B. Mitchell

I had come to the office that morning in a somewhat discouraged mood. Of course I was keeping a stiff upper lip as the saying goes, in the sight of men. The man who shows a sense of danger in his eyes and on his face has already confessed defeat, judgment has gone against him by default, and there is seldom any possibility of reversing it on appeal. But in my heart, so long had certain hopes delayed fulfilment, so extremely tangled had certain affairs become, there was a cloud of black foreboding.

My morning mail brought me two messages of cheer. The first was a letter from a former stenographer of mine, of whom my wife and I were very fond. The great hope of womanhood was to be realized for her at last. She was to be married in two or three months to "the grandest man in the world." Of course she had to tell us all about it—and him—that she could crowd into a letter written the last thing before she "tumbled into bed." She was tired, she said, but the letter was on fire with joy. The pages fairly gleamed with her happiness and utter hopefulness. And my heart lighted a little with the reflected gleams of the flame in hers. It gave me courage to open another letter, which I almost dreaded to open.

When I read that one, the clouds lifted. It was just what I had wanted; it straightened tangles; it resolved perplexities; it opened new vistas of hope; it paved the way for new and larger activities; and I hastened to telephone my wife at home of the good luck which had come to the little old stenographer and myself.

An hour or so later, the telephone

bell rang, and I found my wife at the other end of the wire. "I thought I'd tell you," she began by saying, "that I have already had a chance to pass our good luck on."

She waited, almost teasingly, for me to ask particulars.

"A little while after you telephoned," she continued, "an old man came to the back door, asking for a breakfast, and believe me, he got a good one. I just filled him to the muzzle. If he wants any more to eat today, it won't be my fault. The letters you got this morning made me so happy that I couldn't help it. I don't suppose you mind."

I promptly assured her that I didn't; that I fully approved; and that I thanked God we were still old-fashioned enough to indulge some generous impulses once in a while, in spite of the fact that there is a United Charities Committee in our little city.

Of course, the Charity Organization Societies do a great deal of good. And they are ultra-fashionable representatives of the modern mania for organization and efficiency. So far as the poor and needy themselves are concerned, it is probable that the new way of handling charity work is preferable to the old. The one criticism I have is what they do to their patrons. They rob their contributors of all the joy of giving. The man who contributes twenty-five dollars to an organized charity never has the joy of seeing the gleam of gratitude in the eyes of the mother and babes, or the crippled and despondent workman, who may be tided over a crisis by the use of the gift. That experience is a heart-warmer. And, unfashionable as the idea may be, I feel that we can recover the old warm-heartedness that seems to be going out of our modern life only by some rather drastic revision of our individual charity programs. Give to the charity organization society as much as you will; there will still come times in every life when the joy of unexpected deliverance, or the discovery of unrealized friendship can only be adequately expressed by short-circuiting the organization and coming into direct touch with some great human need. There is something yet to be said for the mediaeval idea of charity as a means of grace to the giver. But if it is to be this, two hearts must touch.

James H. Foster, the president of a Western steel company, said in a recent article that where some employers, who were entirely conscientious in their attitude towards their workmen, fell down was in trying to be humane instead of just human. There is a great distinction. Humaneness may wear an austere guise; the human touch always carries a smile. When you want to express the joy of your heart, the only way you can be sure that your gift reaches the recipient with a smile, is to take it and the smile directly to their destination. I know this talk is awfully old-fashioned; but perhaps a revival of some old-fashioned ideas would be no disadvantage to the American people. I am awfully sorry for the man who carries the sign in his office, "We Do All Our Charity Through the Charity Organization Society." He is missing a lot of fun out of life; and God knows that, now "Wine, Woman and Song"

has become "Wives, Ginger Ale and Community Singing," we need to conserve all the possibilities of amusement that are left.

Marts and Money

On the New York Stock Exchange the quotations of many important shares shows material depreciation. It ranges from eight to twenty-five points in the industrial list, where the efforts of inflationists had been sensationally successful in the past two months. As usual, the *déroute* was hastened by the execution of a great number of stop-loss orders, which had been entered by parties who could not resist the temptation of building new pyramidal contracts on the basis of accumulated profits. The quite precipitous liquidation was attended by various pessimistic rumors and reports, some of which were of an obviously mendacious character.

Much stress was laid upon advices of a severe panic in Japan, where the Imperial Bank raised its discount rate from 8 to 10 per cent. According to reliable authorities, the chief cause for the sudden disaster in Japan is serious depression in the silk industry, one of the main economic resources of that country. It is also stated that Japanese bankers are withdrawing large amounts of money from the London market. The latter, strange to say, was not much affected by this sudden turn in affairs, and it may be surmised, therefore, that

the Nipponese *débacle* is not viewed with such deep solicitude in Lombard Street as it is in New York, where some leading industrials had been hoisted to untenable levels by professional plungers whom the calling of loans at last forced into liquidation.

At this moment it seems as though Wall Street folks had somewhat regained their mental equipoise, for numerous prominent steel, motor, and equipment issues show rallies of three to ten points. The renewal of bullish operations is fostered by continued improvement in the loan market, where optional contracts are made at 6 and 7 per cent. The last statement of the clearing house banks and trust companies shows excess reserves of \$35,551,710. This implies a gain of \$11,867,170. Owing to the spell of liquidation, the loan account discloses a decrease of \$72,000,000. At this, impartial observers will feel like exclaiming "for this relief much thanks."

The U. S. Supreme Court has upheld the Government in the suit against the Reading Company, which has been pending for several years. Upon receipt of the news the quotation for Reading common, one of the three or four principal speculative stocks in the railroad group, quickly rose from 78¾ to 92½. The latter quotation is only a point under the maximum of 1919. In 1916, the stock was as high as 115½, the best on record. Par value is \$50. Since February, 1913, the yearly dividend rate has been 8 per cent. Wall Street had

AMERICAN Week Beginning Monday Night, MAY 3
Matinees Wed. and Sat.
CHARLES FROHMAN Presents
OTIS SKINNER
IN A NEW COMEDY "PIETRO" By Maud Skinner and Jules Eckert Goodman

BASEBALL TODAY
AT SPORTSMAN'S PARK
Time 3 P. M.
BROWNS vs. CHICAGO
May 1, 2, 3, 4
Tickets on Sale at Dengler & Hatz Cigar Store, Boatmen's Bank Building.

Orpheum
THE BEST IN WAUWATIGA
(Orpheum Circuit)
2:15—Twice Every Day—8:15
Mats., 15c to 50c. Evs., 25c to \$1

BERNARD GRANVILLE
"EXTRA DRY"
Charley GRAPEWIN The Follis Girls
Mr. and Mrs. JIMMIE BARRY
Balliet Trio Silverlakes

Gayety Theatre TWO SHOWS DAILY
14th and Locust
—THIS WEEK—
20th CENTURY MAIDS
Next Week: BEN WELCH & CO.

On Mothers' Day, May the Ninth
"Say it with Flowers"

The Test of Satisfaction

A HUNDRED thousand people have opened Mississippi Valley accounts. You doubtless know more than one of them. Ask them about the satisfaction they feel with their dealings here. They will tell you that this is an institution big enough to protect you, strong enough to serve you, cordial enough to make you feel at home.

Mississippi Valley Trust Co.

Fourth and Pine Streets

Member Fed. Res. System

Capital, Surplus and Profits over \$8,000,000.00



The DAYS of the THRIFTER

The farmer tills the soil and later reaps the harvest—

The Thrifter saves and in the autumn of life has a competency—

Sow the seed for your financial harvest by opening a savings account with the Mercantile Trust Company.

ONE Dollar ONE Starts

Savings accounts opened and deposits made on or before May fifth will receive interest from May first.

Our Savings Department is open
 Monday evenings until six-thirty.

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Member Federal Reserve System
 EIGHTH AND LOCUST ST. TO ST. CHARLES

"THE INSTITUTION FOR SAVINGS"

Capital and Surplus, \$10,000,000

been eagerly anticipated of the Supreme Court's opinion.

It is reasonable to assume that the outcome will be more or less advantageous to the owners not alone of the Reading, but likewise of other important anthracite carriers. Equities worth untold millions of dollars are hidden in the coal properties, which originally were acquired at prices which, considered in the light of present conditions, represented enormous undervaluation. Competent authorities are of the opinion that anthracite coal reserves will be exhausted in fifty or sixty years, unless new rich discoveries are made in other parts of the United States, including Alaska. In face of this, it would certainly appear that the gradual exhaustion and the concomitant danger of exorbitant prices must bring Federal supervision and regulation.

Outside of the Reading, the richest anthracite carriers are the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Jersey Central and the Delaware & Hudson. Minor companies are the Erie and the Ontario and Western. The Reading owns the controlling interest in the Jersey Central, and large blocks of Reading stock are held by the Baltimore & Ohio and New York Central. The ramifications are certainly sufficiently intricate and alluring to excite the cupidity of capitalistic investors and Wall Street speculators.

Naturally, the brisk rise in the Reading quotation had tonic effects on the entire list. The decision came shortly after rulings of equally fortunate connotations—those bearing upon stock dividends and the legal status of the United States Steel Corporation. All representative shares surged upward upon announcement of it.

Whether the bull movement will be resumed immediately all along the line remains to be seen. As a rule, such a break as we have witnessed lately is followed by a secondary decline and several weeks of ups and downs, with new low levels in some leading cases. Our March imports were the greatest on record. As a consequence, the excess of exports shows a decrease when compared with the corresponding record in 1919. This notwithstanding, the sum total of exports indicates an increase of \$115,000,000.

In studying these and other statistical figures, one must not be oblivious of the substantial advances in the prices of all commodities. Nor must it be forgotten that while import values are now based upon current exchange rates, they were based upon parity quotations of foreign bills a year ago. Financial and industrial interests are keenly aware of the urgency of arranging ways and means for extending their foreign trade connections. The conquering campaign is being launched with striking successes in the East. In New York they have organized the First Foreign Banking Association under the Edge statute. With England, France and some other foreign nations vigorously seeking to increase their foreign trade and engaged in determined competition, it is up to our own bankers, merchants and manufacturers not only to maintain their own connections, but to secure such footings in other parts of the world as will prevent violent deflation in the

prices of commodities and workers' wages. As for Germany, what do we behold at present? The twilight of industrial gods.

Finance in St. Louis.

With a few exceptions, local quotations were not seriously damaged by the break in Wall Street. Wagner Electric recorded a decline of eighteen points, the price dropping to 128. The "rights," on the other hand, were quite strong. The latest quotation is \$14.50. Shares of financial institutions suffered no losses of consequence. There are no large offerings at ruling prices, the bulk of certificates being in the hands of real investors. In the last ten or twelve years stocks of this class have not been prominent in speculative movements. The boom days of 1898-1904 are not likely to be repeated in the calculable future. National Candy common is rated at 146; one hundred and ten shares were transferred at this figure. Money is quoted at 6½ to 7 per cent; time money at 7 per cent.

Latest Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	128¾	145
Nat. Bank of Commerce	130	135
American Trust	292	292
Mississippi Valley Trust	265	265
St. Louis Union Trust	50	50
E. St. L. & Sub. 5s	69	70
Fulton Iron com.	106	106
do pfd	87	87
Cont. Port. Cement 6s	99	99
Certain-teed 1st pfd	87	87
Indianapolis Refg.	8¾	8¾
Carleton D. G. pfd	99	99
Temtor A	43½	44
do B	38	38
Brown Shoe com.	105	109
do pfd	93½	94½
Scruggs com.	81	81
do 1st pfd	81	81
Hydraulic P. Brk. com.	7¾	8
do pfd	50	51
Marland Refg.	4¾	5
National Candy com.	146	150
do 1st pfd	102	105
do 2d pfd	100¾	100¾
Wagner Electric	120	124
do rts	10	10½
Mortgage Trust	145	145
Certain-teed com.	51½	51½
Granite Bimetallic	45	45
Rocky Mt. com.	30	40

Answers to Inquiries.

QUESTION, St. James, Mo.—(1) Missouri Portland Cement should be retained for further advance. Growing activity in building trade will enlarge the company's earnings in substantial way and lead to the establishment of a higher dividend rate than 6 per cent before long. (2) Boatmen's Bank stock is a commendable purchase at present quotation of 129.

OBSERVER, St. Louis.—Western Union Telegraph is an investment stock of unquestionable merits and reasonably valued at 84, the present quotation. The 1919 statement shows a dividend surplus of \$10,635,386, equal to \$10.65 a share on the \$99,786,000 stock outstanding. For 1918 the record was \$10.49. The 7 per cent dividend is not in jeopardy. It may indeed be raised to 8 per cent by and by. An additional purchase would be advisable in case of a decline of a few points.

O. L. T., Wichita, Kan.—If you are looking for a safe investment, you must not buy a stock like Submarine Boat. It is essentially speculative and will remain so indefinitely. Bonds of cities, counties, and school districts should be given the preference. Right now you have the opportunity of investing in Federal war bonds at prices netting 5½ to 6½ per cent. There are many fine bargains available also in railroad securities. As for foreign securities, let them alone. Don't invest too far from your postoffice.

DANIELSON, Chadron, Neb.—(1) Stick to your Chicago, M. & St. Paul preferred. Soon or late you will get a much better price than that now in effect—53½. The stock is "sold out," as the professionals say. (2) Continental Candy is an attractive low-priced speculation, intrinsically worth more than 14½, the present quotation. Will sell above 20 some months hence. (3) All you can do with Denver & Rio Grande preferred is to hang on and go through the reorganization. The probability is that you will eventually be given a chance to pull out unscathed. It's a great property, in need of extensive improvement and proper management.

SUBSCRIBER, Racine, Wis.—(1) National Lead preferred has paid 7 per cent, the fixed, cumulative rate for many years. It is one of the best investments among industrials. The cur-

rent price of 107 is not too high. It compares with 112 in 1919. The company is in prosperous condition and enjoying able and progressive guidance.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—In view of the steady growth in the company's earnings, large surplus, and the 8 per cent dividend, U. S. Rubber common is a tempting speculative proposition. The current price of 102½ shows an advance of about twelve points when compared with the recent minimum. If you intend buying, enter a carefully scaled order, from 98 downwards. The company's profits in 1919 were the greatest in its history. The chairman of the board predicts "a startling increase in the country's tire business."

R. G. W., Corsicana, Tex.—You would doubtless make a mistake by selling your Sinclair Consolidated at the present quotation of 34, which implies a decline of \$14 from the high mark of two or three weeks ago. The selling movement in this case was partly the outcome of the emission of \$50,000,000 five-year 7½ per cent notes, but another substantial upturn can safely be looked for. Last year's surplus income was \$19,601,235, after deduction of interest, discount and federal taxes. From other sources the company invested earnings amounting to \$60,000,000. The new financing should and will help to make the company one of the principal producing and marketing concerns in the country. The total surplus at the end of 1919 was \$52,310,163.

STOCKHOLDER, Peoria, Ill.—(1) Kennecott Copper looks cheap enough at 28½ to merit speculative attention. The quarterly dividend of 50 cents doesn't seem in danger of a cut. At 29 the net yield is practically 7 per cent. Last year's top mark was 43½. Should copper rise to 22 cents a pound, the dividend rate will doubtless be raised to \$3 per annum. (2) Lackawanna Steel should be retained.

Coming Shows

Otis Skinner's appearance in his new comedy-drama, "Pietro," at the American Theatre for the week beginning next Monday evening is a treat. St. Louisans have looked forward to Mr. Skinner will impersonate an Italian whose self-sacrificing devotion to his daughter furnishes the theme of the story, a character which enables him to add yet another of those wonderful stage portraits of which he now has so many to his credit. The scenes are laid in a small town in Pennsylvania and in California. Chief in the support of Mr. Skinner will be O. B. Clarence, an English actor who has acquired much American fame, and Mary Shaw, Ruth Rose, Thurlow Bergen, Robert Ames, William Bonelli and Walter F. Scott.

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent are the announced headliners at the Orpheum next week. They will put on a bright revue called "Rings of Smoke," the joint work of Edgar Allan Woolf, Cliff Hess and Joseph Santley. Marie Nordstrom, who created the lead some years ago in "Bought and Paid For," will appear in a dramatic whimsicality called "Let's Pretend." Mistaken identity is given a new twist by Walter Fishier in "Go Into the Kitchen." "Gum Drops," a comedy concoction offered by Thomas F. Swift and Mary H. Kelley; Libonati and his xylophone; the El Ray sisters, skaters; and the Tuscano brothers, wielders of the battle axe, complete the Orpheum bill along with Kinograms and Topics of the Day.

Stan Stanley, popular comedian, will continue to lead the bill at the Columbia for the remainder of this week. The feature picture is "The Woman God Sent Me," starring Zena Keefe, the story being told by Sophie Irene Loeb. "Let's Get Married," a delightful farce with original songs and special scenery, will be presented by Frank Byron and company. Karl Emmy's Pets, Weir and Crest—the "Yank and the Wop," and the Violet-Charles aerial novelty complete the bill.

The Grand Opera House announces Carnival Week with "The Spirit of Mardi Gras" for the headliner. It is a merry offering, replete with singing, dancing and musical numbers. Other acts are Roy LaPearl, billed as "the world's greatest aerialist;" the Imperial Quintette, who excel in voice and action; Jenks and Allen presenting "A Day in the City;" "Why Be Serious?" by Willie Mahoney; To-jetti and Bennett in a unique dance offering; Leonard and Haley in "The Wrong Hat;" Paul and Walter LaVarre; Wellington and Sylvia, eccentric manipulators; the News Digest, Mutt and Jeff and other films.

Willie had swallowed a penny and his mother was in a state of alarm. "Helen," she called to her sister in the next room, "send for a doctor; Willie has swallowed a penny!" The terrified and frightened boy looked up imploringly. "No, mamma," he interposed, "send for the minister." "The minister?" asked his mother, incredulously. "Why the minister?" "Because papa says he can get money out of anybody."

Part of the peace celebration was a shooting match for lads under seventeen. Although the judge had his doubts about some of the competitors, he held his peace. The prize finally lay between two marksmen and the excitement became intense. A small boy of ten or so, who had crowded close up to the barrier, suddenly called out to one of the competitors: "Good shot, dad! A few more of those, and you'll get the prize."

Henry Watterson believes that if one has opinions they are worth sticking up for, and that the editor who has no backbone is no editor at all. He says: "I despise a chap like Stewart, who used to run a dinky paper in a dinky town near Louisville. One day the office boy tiptoed into his private office and said: 'Mr. Stewart, there's a man outside says he's got to see you.' 'What does he look like?' asked Stewart as he prepared to make a hasty exit through the back door. 'He's a little man, sir, a little——' 'Show him in! Show him in,' cried the editor in a loud voice. 'If there's anyone 'round here who objects to the *Clarion's* stand for truth, justice, and liberty, I want to know it.'"

Coming back from France, some 1800 men spent sixteen days on a small liner that had no mess hall for the soldiers. Ordinarily, they got their chow and went on deck to eat it, but when it rained they were not even allowed above decks. They were never certain just where they could go, because guards kept popping up everywhere with the remark, "You can't sit there," or "You can't stand there." One day a doughboy who had gone on deck with his mess only to be sent below again slipped on the non-skid ladder. Beans, prunes, goat meat, and coffee flew in every direction and the soldier landed at the bottom in a sitting position. As he sat there collecting his faculties a guard hurried up. "You can't eat there, buddy," he announced.

In Scotland observance of the Sabbath is, or was, very strict, and manual labor on that day is looked on with horror. One Sunday the good wife of Jock was horrified to hear a great knocking in the garden. Going out, she found her husband hammering away at a barrow behind the trees. "Ma gudeness, Jock," said she, "what are ye doing, don't ye know it's the Sawbath?" "Aye," replied Jock, "but I'm behind the trees, and I must knock the nails in." Said his better half, "Hist, mon! why dinna ye use screws?"

A traveling entertainer boasted of the possession of a genuine Stradivarius violin of which he was very proud and so informed the editor of the local paper of the town in which he gave one of his concerts. In reporting the concert next morning after it was given no mention whatever was made of the Stradivarius violin. He made haste to make known to the editor his disappointment at his failure to mention the instrument. The reply was, "If old Stradivarius expects any advertising in the columns of this paper he will pay 10 cents a line for it."

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Municipal Opera Co.

All Mail Orders For Season Tickets, Accompanied by Check, Will Be Filled in the Order of Their Receipt.

The 1920 Season Opens Tues., June 8th

SEVEN
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THIS
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Initial Performance of Each
Opera Will Take Place on
Tuesday Evening and Final
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AN ALL-STAR CAST

Irene Pavloska, Frank Moulan, Warren Proctor, Charles Galagher, Bernard Ferguson, Harry Hermesen, Eva Olivetti, Lillian Crossman, Mildred Rogers, Chas. Sinclair, Max Bendix, Ralph Nicholls.

Large Chorus.

Augmented Orchestra

WEEK JUNE 8

FIREFLY

WEEK JUNE 15

ROBIN HOOD

WEEK JUNE 22

WALTZ DREAM

WEEK JUNE 29

MIKADO

WEEK JULY 6

The MASCOTT

WEEK JULY 13

The GONDO

WEEK JULY

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Shelter from Rain.

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W. W. ROSE
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I hereby subscribe for.....
evening each week of the seven weeks
the season of 1920, as follows:

.....Box Seats (Boxes Seating Six)
.....Seats
.....Seats (Back of 10th row, side sec
.....Seats

(The above prices do not includ

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Purity,
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WS DAILY—2:15 AND 8:15
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Willie Mahoney | Jenks & Allen
Tojettie & Bennett | The Lavarres
Leonard & Haley | Wellington & Sylvia

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About the nattiest, classiest thing
you'll see on our streets is that new
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We think it is the handsomest
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Design is a la mode and finish is
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Interior is, in details and appoint-
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desire.

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